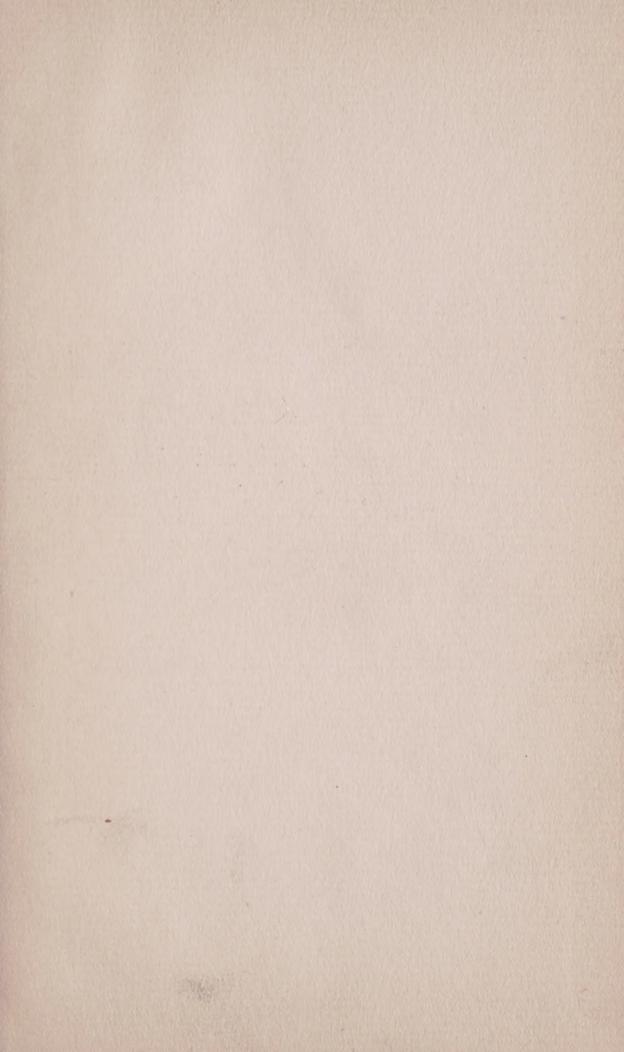
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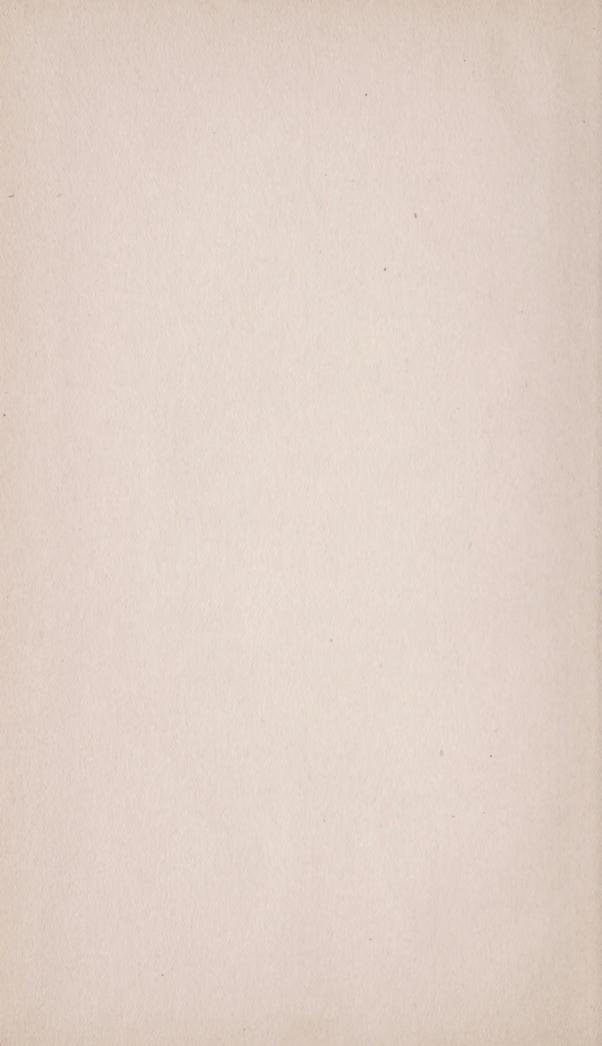
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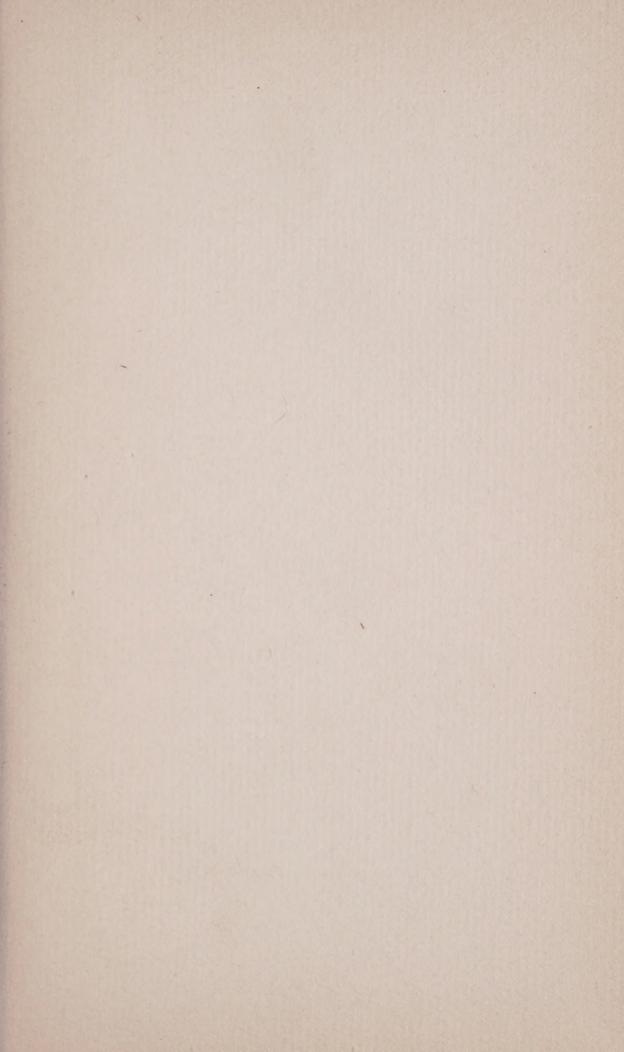
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IN THE GREEN WOOD

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

BURLINGTON, VT.
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PUBLISHERS

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In the Green Wood

I

NEW HAVEN FALLS

Early in the spring of 1773 James Pangborn stood in the open door of his log-house, looking out with an anxious face upon the majestic sweep of the swollen river bearing onward a procession of huge ice-cakes and great logs of driftwood. With an accelerated rush they advanced to the brink of the dam that overhung the First Falls of Otter Creek. Every ice-floe and drifting tree, after grinding and snatching at the overflowed banks, paused a moment in its impetuous

course, trembling as in dread of the fearful plunge, then, as the gathering current piled behind it, went toppling and rearing to the leap down the white precipice of torn water, the crash of its descent swallowed up in the continual thunder of the cataract.

"If the dam stan's the racket, I don't see nothin' to hender startin' the mill to-morrow," the man said as his gaze ran restlessly along the frequently broken smoothness of the dam's rim to the mill that stood on the rocky verge, a skeleton of posts and beams, waiting to clothe itself with garments that it would presently fashion out of the piles of logs that lay about it.

"The ice is goin' out easy. If it don't rain or somethin', I guess the dam'll stan' it," he continued, speaking more to himself than to his wife, who left the johnny-cake baking on

its board before the open fire to come to the door to note the progress of the spring flood.

The younger children were intent upon the baking of the johnny-cake, for it was to be served with the first maple sugar of the season. John, the eldest son now at home, a lad of fourteen, was not unmindful of the tempting odors of the browning corncake and the maple syrup blubbering in the kettle hung on the trammel, but as he stood leaning on his axe, resting from chopping the night's wood, his thoughts went more with his eyes upon the strong, relentless flow of the river and the imperilled dam. His sister, two years younger, just returned from the border of the little clearing, lingered beside him, with one hand hiding something behind her homespun woollen gown, her eyes following his down to the restless, surging

river. Then she lifted them to the placid sky and its slow drift of silver clouds floating in the full sunlight that now only touched the eastern border of the clearing.

"I guess spring's a-comin' kind o' mod'rate, and the ice is goin' out easy," said John, lifting his axe, but still looking up and abroad. "I see a bluebird to-day, Mercy. I couldn't hear him sing 'cause the falls made such a roarin', but I know he was a-singin'. He looked ju' like a piece of the sky dropped out," and he drove the axe to its eye in the dry pine that he stood upon.

"Oh, yes, spring's come. Look a-here," said Mercy, withdrawing her hand from the scant folds of her gown and disclosing in it a little bunch of squirrel-cups. "And they're just like those we got last spring at home."

"Oh, they're pretty," said John as Mercy held the blue and white and purple flowers up for him to admire and smell, "but they smell as if they were just going to smell." And then she took them in for the assured appreciation of her mother.

"Oh, the sweet, pretty things!" said Susan Pangborn, holding them to her face and then away with the hand that held the case-knife. "How could we ever live in the woods if it wasn't for the flowers and birds?" And she went on cleaving the johnny-cake from its board as quietly as if her heart did not ache with a homesick longing for the smooth, stumpless fields with their bordering woods of far-away Connecticut.

Mercy put her flowers in her cherished little brown pitcher, and placed them by her mother's plate, being amply rewarded by the cheery, loving

smile of her mother, who now announced:

"Supper's ready. Come, father, before it gets cold."

The father and son washed their hands and faces in the little trough that served as washbowl, and combed their yellow locks with their fingers. When all had gathered about the table, the voices of the children were hushed as the father asked his simple blessing:

"God, make us thankful for what we've got, an' keep us from hankering for what we hain't got."

At nightfall the last gleam of daylight showed the dam still uninjured, and the settlers went to their early rest with hopeful hearts.

It was over a year since James Pangborn had made a pitch at the Lower Falls of Otter Creek, under a grant from Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, and began building a sawmill. He had some fears of an officer of the late war, whose grant of lands lying on Otter Creek, made to him by the government of New York, included his own pitch.

Disputes of land titles formed one of the great obstacles that confronted settlers in the region now called Vermont, for both the provinces of New Hampshire and New York claimed the territory between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain. Each province issued charters of the same lands to different parties, which inevitably caused a bitter controversy between the rival claimants. Each was forcibly ejected by the other, according to its strength, and each was supported by its respective provincial government, both of which made frequent appeals to the king, under whose authority both charters were issued,

for a confirmation of their titles. The dispute began several years before the Revolution, and did not end for several years after its close, when, in 1791, Vermont was admitted to the Union upon a settlement of the claims of New York.

The "Green Mountain Boys" for the most part lived in the southward settlements, and held their lands with a strong hand, which they assured Pangborn should be extended for his protection. Thus with the pioneer's courage and perseverance he had built a log-house, whither he had brought his family, and had built the mill since their arrival.

This enterprise was carried on under great difficulties, for, apart from the privations attending a remote frontier settlement, all the iron-work of the mill had to be transported a long distance through the almost pathless wilderness. The shaft and crank were drawn for miles through the woods on a hand-sled, while the saw and some other parts had come less laboriously by ox-team down the frozen current of the river. Although he felt some uneasiness concerning the conflicting titles, the pioneer now looked confidently forward to the reward that the growing settlement of the region promised.

When the bright April morning broke, the broad, swift current of the river swept smoothly on its course, unvexed by the swirl and surge of floating ice, and poured in an unbroken line over the entire length of the dam. Beyond it the gaunt frame of the mill stood firm and steadfast on its rocky foundations, now hidden, now disclosed, as the clouds of mist rolled upward from the boiling cauldron at the cataract's foot.

The morning was not far spent when James Pangborn and his son repaired to the mill, and had not completed their preparations for starting it when they were joined by the rest of the family, anxious to witness the grand event.

A great pine log was rolled upon the carriage and dogged in its place; the lever of the gate was pressed down; the water rushed from the flume, adding its small volume to the roar of the falls; the water-wheel began to revolve; the saw-gate slowly arose and descended, and then, with quicker strokes, the flashing saw menaced the advancing log; then with sharp, quick bites began to gnaw it through from end to end: The rapid swish of the saw, the throbbing creak of the gate, and clank of the ratchet on the rag-wheel were sweet music to the little audience, whose keen ears heard it all, piercing the deep thunder of the cataract.

The father watched intently every movement of the machinery, and the strained anxiety of his face gradually gave way to triumphant satisfaction as each part performed its work, and the regular jets of sawdust spurted up and fell to the roaring nether depths, to mingle with the beaver-chips drifting down from the wild mountain torrents. The carriage tripped the gatelever, and all the swish and clatter ceased as the saw slowly rose and fell and stopped midway in its next as-This moment of success recent. warded months of labor and deprivation.

All through the bright and rainy days of the fitful spring weather the mill kept merrily at work, mingling its sharp treble with the deep bass of the cataract, and, after the manner of pioneers, making itself a covering for its own nakedness. Its freshly sawn

sides shone new and strange among the gray trunks and rocks and mist that seemed as old as the world itself, and the growing lumber piles breathed into the woods the unaccustomed odor of fresh-cut pine wood.

From morning till night father and son worked steadily in the mill, till about the time of corn-planting, when James Pangborn fell sick with fever and ague, that scourge of the pioneers, and became quite unable to work, so that a double portion fell on John's young shoulders. Inured to hardships and labors that would appall one of his years in an older settlement, he bore the burden unflinchingly and manfully. He kept the sawing and corn-planting alternately progressing, helped in both by his mother and sister, for the women and girls of those days had apt and willing hands for all manner of work.

HIGHLANDERS

One day late in the spring of the same year there was an unusual stir on the old military road that, like a corrugated groove, furrowed the ancient forest from Fort Edward to the head of Lake George. After the busy days of war it fell into comparative disuse. A squad of red-coated soldiers passing to or from the Lake Champlain forts at rare intervals, an adventurous traveller on horseback, and the fortnightly carrier of the mails to those forts were now its most frequent passengers.

Natural growth and decay had wrought the only changes in it during the less than score of years which had

elapsed since the survivors of the Fort William Henry massacre fled along it from the scene of that fearful tragedy, or Abercrombie's splendid army marched in the pomp and pride of anticipated triumph, or with torn banners and broken ranks swarmed back in sullen retreat from an unpursuing foe, or Amherst's no braver, but more fortunate, host swept on to uninterrupted conquests.

The same huge logs paved it that all these had trodden. The ancient massive trunks that ribbed its sides had echoed the rattle of drums, the shriek of fifes, the pibroch of Highland pipes, the groans of wounded men, the wail of women.

The echoes responded now with quick reverberation to the hoof-beats of two horsemen pounding the roadway at a lively rate; a half-mile farther on, to the footsteps of the solitary mail-carrier, and, as far beyond him, to the jolting of two heavily laden wagons upon the corduroy, the creak of their axles, the slow tramp of oxen, the shouts of their drivers, the clatter of heavily shod feet, and a confusion of voices speaking in broad Scotch dialect and harsh Gaelic. The various sounds mingled in the peculiar shivering crash of echoes that the green woods give back to loud noises made within them.

With the exception of the two teamsters, who were, unmistakably, natives of the soil, the company of some thirty men, women, and children were Highlanders, dressed for the most part in their distinctive garb, and all wearing their plaids, the bright tartans giving as unusual a touch of color to the sombre gray of the road as their strange speech lent an unaccustomed cadence to the voices of the woods.

The hindmost wagon, a well-preserved relic of the old army service, carried some sort of machinery for the principal part of its freight. A tall, dark, sober-faced Highlander kept always beside or behind it, giving it his constant care, while his wife and daughter walked a little before him. The daughter was a tall, comely girl of nineteen or twenty, inheriting something of her father's staid air, with her mother's tawny, yellow hair and fair complexion and handsome features. As she moved forward with strong yet graceful carriage, or stepped aside to pick strange, new flowers that caught her keen eye, she was a figure to attract admiring attention where there were many persons to see and be seen.

A man, whose vigor the frosts of sixty years appeared to have ripened rather than impaired, for no one of the party was more active and vigilant, called out:

"I'm just thinkin', Ian Cameron, ye was mair carefu' o' yon miln nor ye was o' your ain flesh an' bluid."

"Aweel," the tall Highlander answered, "what for no, gin she hae the mair need o't, wi' these Yankee loons whang-bangin' her stanes an' wheels ower this damned causeey as if they were nae mair than bags o' her ain meal. The wife an' Lisbeth'll no break their ain banes, I'se thinkin'."

"Happen the red Indians get 'em," the other suggested, looking very serious but for a twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Then it's your ainsel' tauld me there'll be nae fear o' them now. But gin they cam upon us, I'se thinkin' they'll mak nae stan' afore our claymores."

"Then it's little ye ken o' their war-

fare. Man, they'd hae us murthered, an' we ne'er a sight o' them, but the smoke o' their guns. But ne'er fash yoursel' aboot 'em. They're a' far awa' an' wadna harm us if they were here. But I'se thinkin' ye like the company o' the miln maist because she canna talk back.'

"Never fear but she'll hae clack o' her ain to gie when she's set goin' wi' gude grain eneuch to feed her. And that minds me it maun be nigh noon for us to halt."

"Aye, yon is the bit clearin' wi' the log-house," said Donald McIntosh, and he gave orders to the teamsters to stop and unyoke the oxen from the wagons.

The oxen were turned loose in their yokes to graze on the fresh herbage that was springing among the stumps and bushes of the old clearing. The men gathered wood and kindled fires,

over which the women hung kettles and began preparing food brought from the wagons.

Just then the two horsemen rode upon the busy scene and drew rein, running their eyes over the various groups in evident search of some one. One was a stolid-looking, strongly built young fellow, the other middleaged, tall, and spare, with keen black eyes that were ever wandering, and a thin-lipped mouth sanctimoniously drawn down at the corners as if he were trying much more to look a good man than to be one. Both wore neat, plain liveries, showing them to be in the service of some person of consequence, and both carried pistols in their holsters, and the elder had a pillion tied behind his saddle. Presently, as if selecting it by chance, they drew near the group of McIntoshes and Camerons.

- "Can you tell me where I would find Mr. Donald McIntosh?" the elder man asked, his eyes wandering from one to another and dwelling on none.
- "What wad ye be wantin' wi' him?" Donald asked.
- "I have a message for him from Colonel Reid."
- "Aweel, then, I be Donald McIntosh, an' what wad be his honor's word?"

The man at that drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Donald, who opened it awkwardly and began slowly studying its contents, while the bearer of it waited with ill-concealed impatience.

"Here, Lisbeth, lass," said the old man at last, handing the letter to the girl, "ye'd be quicker makin it oot na I."

She blushed and looked startled as

she read to herself and then aloud at Donald's command:

"FORT EDWARD, May 24, 1773.

"MR. DONALD MCINTOSH:

"This is to tell you that I wish you to send me your niece, Elisabeth Cameron, at once on receipt of this, in care of these trusty men. I have great need of her to do some writing for me to the lawyers, concerning my grant on Lake Champlain, as I have sprained my wrist badly and cannot hold a pen. Be so good as to despatch her at once in charge of these good men, and I will bring her to Ticonderoga, where I will join you if not sooner.

Your most obliged Friend and Patron,

" JOHN REID.

"P. S. This greatly concerns all you, my Friends."

"Must I go, Uncle Donald?" she asked anxiously, glancing uneasily at her prospective escort.

"What for no?" her father asked sternly. "It's e'en his honor's orders." "Wait a wee," said Donald, "I'm not unnerstan'in' it. When we left Colonel Reid at Fort Edward he was to be at Fort George ayont, afore us to hae the batto boats a' ready. How's that?"

"But a letter came that stopped him," the man answered blandly.

"Oh, aye, but if he could write this, which is verra plain to read, I mind, what for canna he e'en write the lawyer letter as weel?" Donald asked again.

"Why, you see a friend wrote this for him," was the ready answer.

"Aye, aye, but what for did na the friend write t'ither letters as weel as the tane?"

"His friend had business of his own, and it's like enough the Colonel wouldn't want any but his own people to know what word he was sending," the man answered pleasantly.

"Troth, it's a true word ye speak," said John Cameron. "Lisbeth, ye'd best mak ready, but ye'll all tak bit an' sup afore ye go. Get doon fra your beasties, gentlemen, an' the wife'll soon hae it ready."

Donald's doubts were soon reënforced from an unexpected quarter. The mail-carrier having just arrived at the noon camp of the emigrants, and drawn by the inborn curiosity of his race no more than by admiration of the handsome Scotch lassie, whom he had seen twice before in the course of his regular route, now lingered near the group with ears intent on the conversation and eyes no less so on the beautiful subject. Now, standing at Donald's elbow, he made bold to take part in it.

"If you want to know where Colonel Reid is, I can pooty nigh tell ye," he said, drawing all eyes upon himself, a well-favored young fellow, of tall, muscular figure, carrying a rifle in his hand, a tomahawk and knife at his side, and a knapsack on his back. "He'll be to the head o' the lake by this time, for he come by me about six mile back."

"What for did he no come by us, then?" said John Cameron.

"Yes, why not, and by us, too?" the spokesman of the two messengers asked, leering wickedly at the carrier, who returned his glance boldly and answered:

"That's because he took the short cut by the bridle path and so has passed you all, for, besides being shorter, a horse can go at a better pace than on the corduroy. He told me to tell Mr. McIntosh to put the team with the mill fixin's ahead, 'cause if he found a boat to the lake, maybe he could get 'em aboard afore night,

and he said for Mr. Cameron to have the team go along as spry as he das't to, an' not break anything."

"My troth," said Donald, "I believe you speak the true word, lad. You'll be him they ca' Tom Pangborn, I doubt, an' ye'll be carryin' the mails to the forts ayont Lake George?"

The carrier nodded an affirmative, and Donald, turning to the horsemen, continued: "An' as for you twa, if some mischievous body hasna sent ye on a fule's errand, I dinna ken what to mak o' your story."

"You might know, sir, we'd have no reason to bring you a false message," said the spokesman, looking as steadily as he could into Donald's honest eyes.

"Aye," said John Cameron, "an' it's mair like the twa wad be speakin' the truth than ane. Come, Jeanette, ye'd best be gettin' the lass ready an'

awa', for it's likes be the makin' o' her wi' the Colonel. Oh, but 'twas the lucky day when Dominie McFarlane found the makin' o' a schollard in the lassie."

Donald spoke out hotly in Gaelic: "It was a truer word than I thought, Ian Cameron, when I said you cared more for the mill than for your daughter. You'd keep that under your eye all the time, but her you'd send into the wilderness with strangers just for the asking."

Cameron rejoined as testily in the same tongue: "You're not to think, Red Donald, that I'll not rule my own household because John Reid put you in command of the men when he is not with us. Indeed, I will, now that it's obeying his own order."

The wives of the two men put in an occasional word, while they hospitably served food and drink to the two mes-

sengers, who, with the carrier eating the rations furnished from his own pack, and the teamsters, now drawn near the circle by curiosity, gazed and listened with as little understanding of the strange tongue as of the croaking of the frogs in adjacent puddles.

"You don't know that it is his or-

der," said Donald.

"Whose wad it be, then? It's plain they serve some gentleman, some friend of the Colonel's, nae doubt."

"I'll ask them, and if they give a straight answer, and one of them'll tak Jeanette or one o' our lads behind, we'll consider the matter." Then addressing him of the faltering eyes in his best English, "I tak frae your dress that ye sarve some gentleman. Wha might he be?"

"As good as any in the Province of New York," was the prompt reply, "Mr. Philip Schuyler of Albany." There was a significant exchange of glances between the two teamsters, one a tall, lank, awkward man, the other of stockier mould, but yet with capacity for quick movement upon occasion, though he looked as clumsy as his own oxen.

"Wal, naow," drawled the first, calmly scrutinizing the form and dress of the last speaker, "fur's I've took a notice, Schuyler's folks is mostly niggers, an' wears a diffunt uniform f'm yourn, both skin an' clo's. Hain't that so, Nathan?"

His comrade nodded a decided affirmative, and groped the ground for a soft stick, which he began whittling while he interrogated the now somewhat embarrassed strangers.

"Hain't you the fellers I seen yesterday along wi' young Mr. Skene? I b'lieve ye be."

"Come to think on't, I b'lieve Colo-

nel Reid said he'd be back here to rights when he got the boat business 'tended to,' said Tom Pangborn, studying the sun and the noontide shadows from his seat on the knapsack. 'I shouldn't wonder if he come any minute. Fact, I b'lieve I can hear a horse comin' on the corduroy. Hark!'

There was indeed a sound like approaching hoof-beats. Donald McIntosh stepped upon the road to look, and the two strangers arose hastily and led their horses toward it.

"Damn the luck!" said the tall one in a low voice to his companion. "We must be off before he comes. Mr. Phil was sure there was no fear o' that." Then calling back to the Scots: "Well, we can't wait any longer, and you'll have to account to Colonel Reid why you won't send the young lady to him."

"That we will not, her 'lane wi' strangers," said Donald, rejoining the group. "If ye'll tak her mither wi' her, we might consider it mair favorable like."

"We might drop the old woman two miles away, out of squalling distance," the tall man whispered to the other, but added as the hoof-beats became more distinct, "No, it won't do. Their damned Colonel is coming sure. No, we hadn't any such instructions. Good-day," and with that they mounted and trotted briskly away.

"I dinna see owt o' the Colonel," said Donald, "but I'm na sorry yon loons are awa'."

"Come to think it over again, I ain't sartain he said he was comin' back here," said Tom Pangborn with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "but I guess it give 'em a start, an' my drummin' on the knapsack didn't hender

'em none,' and he repeated the performance to the admiration of most of the audience.

"Aweel," sighed John Cameron, "I doubt Lisbeth's e'en lost a good chance."

"Be ye clean gane daft, Ian Cameron?" cried Donald, "or be ye a damned fule, an' your dochter saved frae the Lord-kens-what deil's trap."

"I guess you're about right there, Cap'n," the tall teamster drawled. "I'm sartain them fellers is Skene's men. The pious-mouthed, snake-eyed cuss is the one they call Skene's passon, an' fuller o' the devil 'an an aig is o' meat, an' so's his masters, old an' young. Queer goin's on there is over there to Skenesboro House, if half they tell is true. Why, they say the old man has kep' his dead wife in the cellar these ten year, 'cause she draws a 'nuity, I b'lieve they call it,

as long as she's 'bove ground. Hain't that so, Nathan?''

"It sartainly is," said the other, shutting his knife with a quick motion, and tossing away the stick now whittled to a fine point, "an' it's high time we was a-hitchin' up an' moggin' along."

"An' me, too," said the mail-carrier, arising and slinging his knapsack. "Good-bye to you an' your women folks, Mr. McIntosh an' Mr. McCameron. Maybe I'll see you agin afore you leave Ticonderogue."

"Good-bye, lad, an' we're a' mickle obleeged to you for a gude turn," said Donald heartily. His handsome niece looked her gratitude with smiles and blushes more eloquent than words, and her eyes followed him far on his way and sought him again at many a bend of the embowered road.

III

AT FORT GEORGE

It was late in the afternoon when these strangers in a strange land came to the deserted fields that surrounded the grass-grown ruins of Fort William Henry, and the beautiful vision of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament was opened to them, its enchanted islands, its delectable mountains, softened with young leafage from shadowed foot to glorified crest, all doubled in the crystal depths that looked as immeasurable as the sky.

The batteaux were waiting at the landing, and one was at once freighted with the precious mill machinery and made ready for the next day's voyage.

The party found roomy accommoda-

tions in the neighboring Fort George, uncrowded by its garrison, which in those piping times of peace consisted of one English soldier, his Yankee wife, and a dog, who was its most vigilant sentinel.

Colonel Reid had already set forth, a passenger in the birch canoe of the mail-carrier, to make arrangements at the foot of the lake for the transportation of his party to Lake Champlain, so it was now apparent beyond doubt that the story of his pretended messengers was a fabrication. Its evil purpose could be guessed from what was known of the unscrupulous character of the younger Skene, and honest John Cameron was now devoutly thankful that he had been withheld from falling into the snare.

Two Highlanders guarded the loaded boats by the light of a watch-fire during the night. As Lisbeth and her mother sat by the cheerful and welcome barrackroom fire, they noticed, as she moved to and fro, that the woman who constituted a third of the garrison of Fort George had a wild, distraught look. Her wandering eyes returned often to Lisbeth's fair face as she made a place for her guests by the fire.

"Your darter's got a face tew harnsome for the wilderness," she said at last as she seated herself opposite the two women. "It's lucky them blackhearted Skenes didn't git their eyes on it. Oh, they're bad ones, wuss'n wolves they be. The gal they lights on is wuss off than a fa'an with wolves arter it."

"Hush, woman, don't git on to that talk," her husband said somewhat sternly yet not unkindly.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Du you s'pose, man, I'm a-goin' tu let a

gal go tu ruin wi'out warnin' arter what I've suffered an' know what I know?''

"You can't mend what's done an' gone, woman, an' what's the good o' your workin' yourself up wi' talkin' on't?" He covertly touched his forehead with his finger as he went out the door, while she, not to be restrained, continued:

"We had a gal as pooty to look on as yourn, our Polly, an' she was all we had left to our old age arter that black day at William Henry, when my little son was tore from my arms by the bloody devils—Montcalm's devils, may he an' them burn in hell forever—tore from my arms, an' brained before my face an' eyes. Oh, oh, the woeful sight! An' Polly, she was spared to us, an' when the wars was over they put Jerry an' me an' her on here to tak keer o' what the' was, an'

that black-hearted Phil Skene, he come here fishin', him an' the one they calls passon—a devil he is—an' they set eyes on Polly.''

The woman's gray thin hair had fallen about her face in her excited movements, but she took no heed of it, going on with increasing distress:

"An' then the' wa'n't no rest nor peace for her, for that passon a-hengin' round an' makin' love to her, an' a-fill-in' her head wi' foolish idees o' bein' a lady! Then one day aour gal went off a-gatherin' posies, an' Dash with her, an' he come back, pore ol' dog—'

At the sound of his name the dog rose from his warm corner by the big fireplace, and, crossing to the woman, laid his head in her lap, as if to say he could make additions to the story if he had but speech. She stroked his head with her shaking hands tenderly, as if it had been that of her murdered boy or of her lost Polly, but made no stop in her story.

"He was a-whinin' an' a-moanin', an' she never come, never! They carried her away. I'd leivser a painter'd ketched her! No coaxin' wouldn't fetch her back, an' there she is, pale an' heart-broke, they say she is, as, God knows, I be. Don't you let them black-hearted Skenes see your gal, for they'll turn the world upside down to git their foul hands on a fair woman. There's ghosts an' devils an' lost souls an' onbaried corpses in that cussed house o' theirn."

Lisbeth and her mother shuddered at the half-crazed woman's wild tale and at the peril they had so barely escaped.

As the daughter looked out of the barrack-chamber window on the moonlit landscape of forest and lake the faithful old sentinel, Dash, was barking furiously, as Lisbeth at first thought, at the unaccustomed watch-fire and the strange figures of the kilted High-landers stalking near; but her eye caught a more suspicious form skulking in a shadow at the water's edge, and directly after she saw a canoe stealing noiselessly away, keeping always in shadow until far down the lake it struck across the water and vanished in the uncertain glimmer.

She lay awake long before she could divest herself of the idea that the stealthy figure she had seen was watching her, and that it was an Indian in some way connected with the day's adventure.

IV

THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND

In the morning, as the teamsters began their slow journey back to Albany, the emigrants set forth on their easy route over unruffled waters, their departure watched by the solitary woman and her faithful dog.

Beneath a cloudless sky, past uncounted nameless islands and mountains whose sheer steeps ascended from the lake's windless depths to storm-scathed heights, they voyaged, shaking the inverted images of tree and cliff and shore with ripple of oar and wake till they quivered like objects seen through heated air, or frightening a deer from drinking at

the water-side, or less timid wildfowl from some embayed retreat.

At nightfall they reached the foot of the lake, where they made their camp for the night, keeping fires continually burning, not so much for warmth as for the cheer, for the black forest rang with the dismal howling of wolves and the horrible caterwauling of a panther, sounds so gruesome that the merry chime of the swift little river was quite overborne and hushed by them.

Hearts were lightened when the morning came and the thrushes sang again, and the voice of the river resumed its noisy dominance.

Presently the ox-teams, engaged by Colonel Reid, arrived, and were loaded with the machinery, household stuff, and the living freight of women and children, and the company moved forward on the last stage of its land journey. This led them through the scene of Abercrombie's defeat, where the scarred trees and rotting abattis still remained to mark the place where a thousand lives were wasted.

"Here it was, Elspeth, your cousin, Duncan Cameron, died," said Donald very seriously to his wife.

"Wae's the day, for he was a bonnie gentleman," said she.

"Aweel, he had e'en mickle warnin' an' might hae keepit the breath in his body if he wad," said Donald.

"But he valued honor mair than life, like a true Cameron," she said

proudly.

"An' gin he valued mair the opeenion o' mortal man ner what Gude gie him, 'twas his ain affair; but du ye think if 'twas made plain to me I'd be drooned if I went ayont Ticonderogue, I'd nae bide here?"

"How was it, Uncle Donald?" said Lisbeth Cameron.

"E'en just this way. It was your father's cousin, Fergus Cameron, and Stewart of Appin fell into some clavers, an' Fergus gie Stewart the lee, an' Stewart oot wi' his dirk an' stabbed him to the heart. When his bluid cooled he was wae for the deed, for he kenned weel the claymore an' skene dhu o' every Cameron wad be thirsty for his ain bluid, an' so what did he do but rin to the house o' Duncan Cameron, the ain brother o' the dead, an' said he'd killed a man, an' if Duncan wadna save him he'd be murthered by the dead man's kin.

"He had nae mair nor gien his word when his brother's ghaist came till him, an' tauld him his murtherer was lyin' in his house, an' he maun e'en gie him tae vengeance, or kill him wi' his ain hand. But Duncan Cameron said he had gien his word, an' the man should be safe frae a' harm whiles he was under his roof. Then when that was a' the answer he wad gie, the ghost tauld him he should dee at Ticonderoga.

"That was a strange name he never heard afore, an' he didna ken where in a' the wide warld it might be. And when he went to the wars in Europe an' in India he was ae listenin' for the name, but ne'er did he hear the like o't. An' sae at last his regiment, the Forty-second, it was, come till America, an' was sent wi' Abercrombie away against the French, an' at last he heard that the place they were marchin' against wad be Ticonderoga, an' he kenned weel the day o' his doom was nigh. An' it was the next day he fell wi' a dozen French bullets through his body, as he was leadin'

his company in the charge against the abattis."

"Ma puir Cousin Duncan!" said Jeanette in a low voice.

"I'm proud he was our kin," said Lisbeth with tears glistening in her blue eyes, "an", uncle, he couldna turn his back on Ticonderoga, an' him ane o' the Forty-second."

"I've heard my father tell o' the fight," said one of the teamsters, who was paying more attention to the story than to his oxen. "He was in the Rangers under ol' Put. Always arter that, he said, they called the general Nabby Crombie."

"And yon's the fort itsen," said Donald, coming to the end of his story as the gray walls of Ticonderoga arose before them, with the proud banner of England flaunting from its tall flag-staff.

"It's a bonnie flag where'er it flies,"

said the old clansman, saluting, "but ne'er looked sae bonnie to my een as when I saw it first whippin' the wind ower the wa's o' Quebec."

"How did it look at Culloden?" asked Elspeth demurely, with a knowing glance at her niece.

"I didnae say it was ae the bonniest," Donald answered laconically, and began softly to whistle, "Wha'll be king but Charlie?"

AT TICONDEROGA

As Colonel Reid and his companion came over the same route by water and land a few hours before the Highlanders, the carrier told of the strange adventure of the previous day, whereat the testy Colonel's indignation broke forth in frequent explosions.

"The scoundrels!" he cried. "An' what did ye say was the livery? Oh, aye! Philip Skene's men they were, sure enough. Troth, but ye did a good part to spoil their plot, for Lisbeth's a fine lass, an' I'd sooner lose half my grant than hae owt harm come to her."

Tom was beginning to think she

was worth that much, but did not venture to say so.

"I hae a Hieland laddie in mind wha'll be just the mate for her, an' I maun e'en get them married so she'll hae ane to care for her better than the fule o' a father. A gude eneuch mon wi' a miln, but nae sense ayont that. Aye, I'll e'en hae them married wi'out delay. Is there a chaplain at the fort, I wonder?"

"No, the chaplain is gone to Montreal for these two months," Tom replied, and he hoped there was no clergyman within a hundred miles, while his heart burned with jealousy of every unmarried Highlander in the company.

"Aweel, there's need eneuch o' ane at the fort, I'se warrant, forbye weddin's," said the Colonel, and then as his thoughts turned again to the Skenes: "Oh, the scoundrels, the baith o' them! An' now I hear auld Phil is at His Majesty's lug, prayin' to hae the country frae the Connecticut to the mountains west o' the lake erected into a new province, wi' himsel' for Governor, an' then like it'll be deil tak my grant."

"Where might your grant be that these folks is goin' to?" Tom asked, striving to mask his interest with an air of indifference.

"Down the lake a bit, maybe a matter o' fifty, maybe a hunder mile," the Colonel answered.

"On which side was you sayin, sir?"

"Nae, I was nae sayin'. It might be the ain side an' might be t'ither," was answered no more to the point. "Trouble eneuch it's like to gie me, what wi' those domned Skenes an' domned Yankees."

"I'm one o' them, Connecticut

born," said Tom, flushing hotly. "I 'spect my folks is somewhere on the grants, leastways they was cal'latin' to make a pitch the last I heard of 'em."

"Aweel, lad, I'll no be blamin' ye for the misfortune o' birth, an' if your folks hae taken land under a New York charter they be a' richt," said the other, and with that the subject was dropped.

The old battle-ground was a place of sad interest to Colonel Reid, for of all the troops engaged in that futile, heroic assault none suffered such loss as his own regiment, the Forty-second Highlanders, or Black Watch.

Sadly and silently he walked among the herbage that sprang in rank profusion from soil enriched by the blood of his own people, and with reverent care avoided crushing the wild flowers that bloomed where their brave lives went out. Tom delivered the mail at the fort, where he had then two days to wait for the commandant to make ready some reports to his superiors. The emigrants had also to wait for boats, but the delay was not irksome to at least two persons whom it concerned.

As Tom was strolling along the shore in front of the fort, a shadow fluttered across the way, and, looking up, he saw Lisbeth Cameron standing on the bank above him, blushing and starting back at coming upon him so suddenly.

"Gude e'en to you, Mister Pangborn," she said, returning his salutation, and then, for lack of something to break an awkward silence, she asked, pointing down to the muddy wavelets that lapped the stony beach, "Is a' the loch sae drumlie?"

"Drumlie? I don't know as I ezac'ly understand."

- "Is it nae clear onywhere? They say there's mair than a hunder miles o't."
- "Oh, yes, it is clear enough when you get to Crown P'int, which I was never much beyond, though it runs clear to Canada, as you may see by this."

He took from his pocket a flat powder-horn, upon which a map of the lake and its tributaries was etched in black lines. She came down the bank beside him to study it.

- "How far down the lake might your folks be goin'?"
 - "I dinna ken," she said.
- "You're as close-mouthed about it as your Colonel," said Tom with some show of pique.
- "I canna tell, he winna. I think he's afraid Governor Wentworth's people'll be gien us trouble. A' I ken is we'll be gaen to some river

ayont t'ither fort. I'd tell ye gin I kenned."

Their hands touched as they traced together the course of the rivers, and their quickened pulses revealed what their lips did not tell. Open confession might soon have followed, for the course of their love ran swift, but they heard Jeanette Cameron call from the bank above.

"Lisbeth, Lisbeth! Come, lassie, an' see the soldiers parade."

"Well, wherever they go I shall soon follow," said Tom to himself as Lisbeth disappeared with her mother, for he knew that Colonel Reid was a masterful man, and would push the suit of his *protégé* the harder if he suspected a rival in the field, and him one of the pestiferous Yankees.

After the manner of lovers from time immemorial, Tom and Lisbeth went mooning about during their stay at the fort, mostly apart, because the eyes of their elders watched them too closely. She chanced to be walking at dusk on the shore near the Grenadier Battery alone, save one little boy of the garrison, her chosen escort, because having him was nearest being alone.

Small need was there for any escort now that the war was over, and the neighborhood of the fort as safe as any part of His Majesty's province of New York, with no one near but a few scattered settlers, busy with their own warfare against nature, or perchance some solitary Indian hunter fallen into the paths of peace. The moon's coming shone in the eastern sky, and touched the crest of Sugar Loaf with its first radiance. All else, forest, shore, and field, was in shadow, save where a ripple of the lake caught and reflected the growing

brightness of the sky or a gleam of light from some lamp or lantern at the fort.

As Lisbeth passed from the shadow of the crumbling wall of the battery a pebble or a loosened fragment of mortar rolled down the slope and struck the water with a splash. She turned, idly watching the widening circles of wavelets, when suddenly rude hands were laid on her; a halfuttered cry was smothered on her lips; they were muffled in the close-bound folds of a greasy, smoky sash; her hands were tied behind her; she was hurried down the bank and lifted into a canoe, and it was thrice its length from shore—all so quickly that she had not time to think what had happened.

Her young attendant saw it all in a dazed unreality, and ran screaming to the fort, while the canoe, impelled by the strong, skilful arms of two sullenvisaged Waubanakees, went swiftly and noiselessly southward, and was soon in the sinuous marsh-bordered channel of the upper lake.

VI

THE RESCUE

"Oh, mammy, mammy," screamed Patsey Donnelly, rushing into the barrack-room, where his mother was cooking his father's supper, who sat hungrily awaiting its preparation, "there's two big red nagurs come an shtole the pretty Scotch gyurl, an carrit her away in a boat on the lake!"

"What fool's shtory is that ye bees tellin'?" she demanded gruffly, and Patsey repeated the strange tale.

Sergeant Donnelly ran out and gave the alarm, which caused a great commotion among garrison and visitors. When Captain Delaplace comprehended the cause of it, he at once ordered the sergeant and four men to go in pursuit, to which service Tom volunteered, and, hastily picking up his rifle, ran to the boat, followed by John Cameron.

Taking the direction of the abductors from the boy's relation of the event, the boat went surging along its course as fast as four oars could drive it. The canoe had a half-hour's start, and her lightness gave her a further advantage, but the heavier craft's superior motive power began to tell, and Tom, sitting in the bow with rifle in hand, saw the wake of the birch shaking the waters just ahead of him.

"Pull, men," he whispered, "we'll overhaul 'em in five minutes."

"Yis, an' be domned to thim," growled the sergeant at the tiller; "an' me sooper just ready to sarve. I'll take it out o' their dirthy pelts wance I gets howld o' them."

"The fause loons," said John Cameron, "what for wad they steal my lass? Pit a ball intil their waims, lad, but mind ye dinna harm the lassie."

"You don't need to tell that," said Tom, watching intently ahead, still noting the tremor of the rushes as the miniature whirlpools twisted among them, and listening to the frequent rising of water-fowl before the advancing canoe.

"They won't show no fight," said he at length, "but they'll try to give us the slip in some o' the cricks."

Just as he foretold, the canoe, plying swiftly and silently up the channel, suddenly turned aside into the smaller channel of a tributary, and, reaching a bend, lay silent and motionless as a hiding wild duck until the passing craft shot past. Tom soon noticed that water-fowl were now rising before their own boat, and that the channel was no longer wrinkled by any wake but theirs, and therefore called a halt.

"They're a-hidin' behind us," he said, "but they can't make no landing up that crick. Back up a mite, kerful an' still."

In obedience to this the boat backed water till within a short distance of the channel just passed, and there lay silently upon her oars, while Tom, with a rifle at a ready, peered cautiously over the tops of the sedges. The rising moon struck the wide marsh with bars of moonlight and shadow, and he presently discovered three motionless heads, the middle one drooping dejectedly.

Now they moved cautiously, and presently emerged into full view, the yellow body of the canoe moving stealthily toward the mouth of the creek. Tom raised his rifle, aimed carefully at the water-line, aided by the long slanting moonbeams touching the glittering gun-sight and the surface of the water. He fired, and there was a startled movement of the figures as the bullet struck its mark.

The Indians arose as of one accord and leaped far into the marsh, and the scuttled canoe began to settle slowly.

"Row, row, for dear life!" Tom shouted, and the boat swept toward the birch as she sank to her gunwales, and then Tom, lifting the limp form on board, held the dear head in his lap one happy moment while he unbound the muffled mouth.

The soldiers arose and fired a hasty volley at the wallowing forms, ineffectual, but to hasten their floundering retreat, and then with a defiant yell the Indians vanished in the thick shadow of the woods.

The damaged canoe was lifted aboard the larger craft, and the rescue party began its return to the fort, where an hour later it was received by a jubilant company assembled *en masse* to welome it with shouts of rejoicing and endless questions.

Lisbeth's mother and aunt took her in charge. Tom was the hero of the hour, and the sergeant's wife called out to him:

"Coom, sarjeant, yer sooper'll be gettin' cowld on ye."

"Now, Captain Delaplace," said Colonel Reid, "if ye dinna ca' back yon chaplain body I'll e'en hae a military weddin, an' gie the lass a gude Hieland man to guard her, for I'll no hae her makin sic a steer. An' I'll gie yon Skenes a bit o' my mind, an' report them till His Majesty," for no

one doubted who were the instigators of the rape.

Thereupon the testy Colonel indited an indignant protest to Major Philip Skene, commanding at Skenesborough House in the absence of his father at Court, against his lawless ways, and threatening him with exposure if they were not stopped.

The next morning the boats for transportation were ready, and the Highlanders embarked for their home in the wilderness. For all the sadness of parting in apparent coldness, the misty future was bright as Lisbeth watched the lone figure of Tom Pangborn on the old Grenadier Battery fade into the gray of the crumbling walls, and the light of hope and love was in his eyes as they followed the retreating batteaux, until he could no longer distinguish her tall, graceful figure in the crowded boat as the gay

colors of the tartan grew blurred and dim, and the receding craft were blent with the receding shores and shrank to mere dots on the far-off blue of the lake.

VII

DISPOSSESSED

One bright June morning, while Mercy was guarding the sprouting corn from the thieving crows, John tended the mill. He gazed abstractedly up the shining current of the river as he waited for the saw to cut its way through the log. A muskrat with a willow branch in its mouth was cutting the glassy surface with a curved wake from shore to shore. Now he watched with greater interest a lithe, tawny form that stole along the willowy bank, or glided through the shaded water beneath the overhanging boughs, disappearing here, reappearing there. This John knew was an otter, whose name, Waubanakee, Frenchmen and Englishmen had given to this noble river. Then he noticed his father sitting in the door, to appearance a listless figure, though he knew how irksome was the enforced idleness.

"Poor father," he thought, "he must have a doctor some way. We've tried every root and herb we ever heard of, and they don't do any good. I must go to mill in two or three days anyhow, and I'll get a doctor if there's one to be found. What a job it is to go to mill, clear to Crown P'int, twenty miles through the woods! Well, when father gets a run o' stones in here there'll be an end o' that bother, anyway."

So his thoughts were running when he felt his shoulder lightly touched, and turning with the expectation of seeing his mother or sister, he was startled to find himself confronted by a resolute-looking little man of military bearing, attended by half a dozen tall, strong-featured men dressed in a strange fashion, with broad-topped blue caps upon their heads and short plaid skirts that scarcely reached to their bare knees, which were exposed above their stockings. Each carried a gun and wore in his belt a long dirk, while two or three carried at their side huge basket-hilted broadswords. The man was speaking in evident excitement, but John could not hear a word till the saw had run its course, the lever was tripped, and the clatter of the mill ceased.

"What a damnable clatter the machine makes!" cried the man angrily; and who dared build it on my property? Who built it, I say? Speak!"

"My father built it," John answered calmly, though he felt his heart sinking out of him. "These

must be the terrible Yorkers," he thought, though he had never imagined they were this manner of men, so different from any he had ever seen.

"What's his name, and where is he? Did he skulk awa' when he saw us?"

"No, sir," said John hotly, "he's sick at home yonder, where you will find him. His name is James Pangborn."

"Well, Mr. James Pangborn must get himself out of this. Come on, my lads!"

He spoke rapidly to his followers in Gaelic, a language stranger to John's ears than that of the Waubanakees, which he had at least heard before. The martial little gentleman stepped briskly down the path to the house with his tall Highlanders at his heels and John following close in their rear.

James Pangborn arose with an effort to receive his visitors, while his wife came to his side and the wondering children clustered behind them, peeping from the shelter of their mother's skirts and between the father's knees.

"I am Colonel Reid of His Majesty's service," began the gentleman, introducing himself without the civility of a salutation, "and you, I am told, are one Pangborn, and, as I see, established without my authority on my possessions. You know well enough you have no right here, and I've no words to waste about the matter. Get your gear out of the house and be off with you!"

James Pangborn's pale face flushed with anger, yet his temper and voice were under control as he answered:

"It's a short notice, Colonel, for women and children and a sick man to be turned out in the woods on. I made the pitch in good faith, and have made the improvements in fulfilment of my obligations to the proprietors, and I'm loth to give them up for nothing."

"I'll tell you, man, I've no time for clavers," said Colonel Reid angrily. "You came here without my leave, and you've naething to expect and naething you'll get. You may be thankful to take your gear with you, for it's more than you deserve. Be off with you!"

Susan Pangborn pleaded with a tearful voice for a little delay until they could find some place of shelter for her sick husband and the children, but the Colonel's heart was not softened. A kindly faced Highlander, who, with four or five others, had just come up the old Indian Carrying Place and joined the party, plucked him by the sleeve and said in a low voice:

"I wadna be unceevil, Colonel, but what for no let the puir bodies bide a wee? The mon's sair ill, sure eneuch, puir deevil."

"Mind your own affairs, Donald McIntosh," said the Colonel testily. "The weather's fine, and it'll not hurt the man to travel on horseback, for I see he has a beastie. Now turn to, my lads, and set the gear outside. We'll speed their parting. Lend a hand, Donald, and you shall have the house for yourself and Lizzie and the boys. Come, man, stir yourself."

"I'll hae naething to do wi' tekin' ither folks' shelter," said Donald. "I can big my ain bield." He lingered a moment near the sick man and said in a gentle voice: "My heart is sair for ye, puir bodies. I wad I could help ye, but I canna, I canna. It's a damnable steer."

He looked curiously at the distressed family and hurried away down the path to the landing, where the batteaux were unloading the goods of the party, and where most of the women of the company remained.

"Faith," said he to himself as he clambered down the rough trail, "these puir deevils are akin to the carrier. Their lukes an' their name are his verra ain. He might be helpfu' to them, but I'm glad he's no here. I wad they were wi' him."

"Lisbeth," he said, finding the girl a little apart gazing intently up at the majestic falls, "these be your friend Tom's folks I'se be thinkin'. Puir bodies! But there's naething we can do. John Reid taks nae advice fro' onybody," and Donald helped vigorously at unloading the boats, while Lisbeth, in a quick feminine flash comprehending the import of his

words, was heart-sick for the harried settlers.

"Wha'd think so good a soldier wad be such a silly fool?" said Colonel Reid as Donald marched away down the hill. "But bear a hand, men." There were more willing hands than Donald's, and in a few moments the scant household goods of the Pangborns were tumbled out of doors.

It was a strangely wild and pitiful scene. The stern-faced, picturesquely garbed Highlanders passed in and out bearing household stuff, which they threw in careless heaps. Two or three of the women strolled up and looked impassively if curiously at the dispossessed settlers, exchanging occasional words with the men. The Colonel, standing in a stiff military attitude, gave brief imperative orders, scarcely noticing the sick man and his family.

In inexpressible anxiety Mrs. Pangborn now wrapped another blanket around her husband, now parcelled out articles they could not leave, now comforted the huddled group of little children, whom Mercy strove in vain to quiet. All about them was the dark wall of the forest echoing the continual roar of the cataract and the occasional sharper reverberation of harsh voices.

"You're such a help to mother! What should I do without you?" she said as she handed the bed-cord to John, who was striving to pack some bedding on the horse's back. "Oh, if your brother Tom was only here, but where he is we don't even know," and the mother sighed, looking at her sick husband and her stripling son. Alas! Tom was far away, little knowing their need of his strong arm and clear head. "Where shall we go?" the mother

continued. "Father can't ride far, and I'm afraid to have him sleep out of doors."

"Well, I've thought of a good place at I'll tell you about as soon as we get away from these folks so they won't hear," he answered.

"You're such a comfort, Johnny!" said his mother. At these words the boy swallowed the lump in his throat and worked with redoubled zeal.

The sick man was helped on the horse with bundles before and behind, John led the way with the gun and all the other burdens he could carry, and behind trudged the mother and the other children, each bearing an apportioned lading. Even the four-year-old Jimmy carried manfully the long-handled frying-pan on his shoulder, and under his arm the cold johnny-cake left over from breakfast, and each

bore away the heavy burden of a sick heart.

Yet this summary ejectment was but an ordinary incident of the troublous times during the bitter strife waged for years between the rival claimants of the New Hampshire grants.

The forsaken home was a mile behind them, and the thunder of the falls was sinking to a hollow murmur, when John halted where a faint trail led away from the blazed path.

"The best thing we can do," he said, "is to go to the old shanty the trappers left last winter. It won't take much fixin' up," and he led the way along the faint trail till it brought them to a shanty of logs roofed with bark, that needed little repairing to keep out summer showers.

The sick man was helped from his horse, the bedding was carried in, a

fire was lighted on the ample hearth, and the place soon wore an air of greater comfort than at first seemed possible. John spent the day patching the roof with fresh-peeled bark and in gathering wood.

VIII

FINDING FRIENDS

The night was passed in tolerable comfort by the outcasts in the hunters' shanty, but the father seemed so much worse in the morning that, after a hasty breakfast, John announced his intention of making a journey to the settlements.

"Father's got to have a doctor, and we've got to have help to get away from here, or get back to our belongings," he said with such decision that there was little opposition, for such severe backwoods training as he had received early brought forth fruits of manliness and self-reliance.

The sun had scarcely touched the treetops and the forest path was still

vaguely defined in the morning twilight when he set forth, mounted on the horse and armed with an old pistol. Presently he was upon the blazed path from which they had diverged the day before, and the silence of the primeval forest closed around him.

As he journeyed on the sense of complete isolation and loneliness grew more oppressive. There was no sign of recent human presence except the unhealed axe-marks that lined the trail, and here and there a rain-washed footprint of a horse, long since impressed in the mould, which was often further obliterated by the later imprint of a bear's foot or the broad hoof of a moose. So continued was the silence that he would have almost been glad of some alarming sound to break it, other than the monotonous sweep of the breeze in the treetops and the steady footfalls of the horse.

He felt grateful for the companionship of the chickadees that now and then attended him, flitting beside or perching before him on the undergrowth or the low branches, and he was glad to hear the tapping of a woodpecker industriously chiselling his way to the wormy heart of a tree. So he wended on, diverging a little to pass a huge fallen tree or to skirt the frequent quagmires, till a glimpse of the sun through the leafy roof of the woods showed it midway in its course. Then he dismounted and ate his scant ration of cold johnny-cake, while the horse browsed among the undergrowth, and in half an hour he resumed his lonely journey.

The shadows thickened around him, and, looking back from the top of a little hill, he saw the last rays of the setting sun shining on the lofty ridge of Snake Mountain, whose foot he

had for some two miles skirted, but was now well past. He began to look forward anxiously for the light of a clearing to open before him, where he should find the home of a settler and lodging for the night, but no such welcome sight greeted his eyes.

The early twilight was thickening to dusk; he could scarcely discern the blaze upon the trees; even their trunks were disappearing into a mass of gloom under their dark canopy. The necessity of passing the night alone in the forest was forcing itself upon him. Far away and faintly, but unmistakable in its swelling and dying cadence, he heard the long howl of a wolf, and presently the answering wail tremulously rising on the night air.

The prospect of having such companions around his bivouac was dismal, but apparently not to be avoided. The horse's feet splashed in a brook that John could barely see the glimmer of where it ran beneath him across the trail. Here he thought might be a good camping-place, with water convenient for himself and horse.

He was about to dismount upon the bank when his eye caught the flickering light of a fire flashing across his path and on the trees not many rods beyond. Listening, he heard voices in ordinary conversation, and, advancing cautiously, he presently discovered a group of men sitting and standing around a camp-fire.

Some were frizzling slices of meat on forked sticks. One sat bent over a gun laid across his knees, intently cleaning it in the firelight, and another tall and strongly built figure stood in massive silhouette against the light. There were horses, too, for John could hear them stamping and snorting and champing their fodder, a sound that his own horse no sooner recognized than he answered with a loud neigh. The men became suddenly alert and silent, each desisting from his employment and looked intently in one direction, while the tall man came forward, peering into the darkness, his eyes shaded by his hollowed hands.

"Who goes there?" he called in a deep, clear voice.

"It's me," John answered in his boyish treble, not knowing whether these were friends or enemies, and knowing if they were the latter there was no chance of escaping them.

"Why, it's a woman or a boy," said one of the men, who advanced a little with his gun at a ready.

"Well, who is 'me'?" the tall man asked pleasantly as he drew near the young traveller.

"I'm James Pangborn's boy from

New Haven Falls," and added, well knowing that he must give some plausible reason for his journeying, "I'm going to find a doctor for father."

"James Pangborn?" said the tall stranger. "Why, I know him right well. Come, you must camp with us to-night," and, taking the horse by the bridle, he led it and the rider into the full light of the fire. "It's Pangborn's son from the Falls, boys," he said by way of introduction.

The men each gave a nod or word of kindly welcome. The man cleaning his gun, and who, John noticed, had lost his left thumb, looked at him intently a moment, and then turned his keen eyes and ready hands again to what was clearly a labor of love.

"And we," said the tall man, turning his handsome face up to his young guest with a genial smile—"well, to lump us, we're boys, too—Green Mountain Boys. You've heard of us from your father, no doubt. Come, 'light, and have a bite with us. Douglass, you take his horse, won't you, and give him a feed along with ours?"

John was given a comfortable seat by the fire (whose heat was welcome, for the night was almost frosty in spite of the season), right thankful to find himself among friends and in such comfortable quarters. These were the very men to whom he looked to redress his father's wrongs. Surely he could not have been more favored than by this happy chance. His kindly host, who was evidently the leader of this little band, sat down beside him and began to question him concerning his father.

"You said he wants a doctor. Is he sick or hurt?"

John told him all that he could of his father's illness, prompted to many particulars by intelligent and thoughtful questions. His host sat for a while in silence, and then suddenly starting from his reverie:

"The Yorkers haven't troubled your father so far?"

"I don't know what they be, but there was a lot of such men as I never see afore, dressed in checkered petticoats, and talkin' in a way I couldn't make nothin' of, 'at come yeste'day with a little soldier-lookin' man that said his name was Reid, and they drove us all off int' the woods, and if it hadn't been for a trappin' shanty that I knew of, father'd be layin' outdoors in the cold to-night, and he'd ha' died."

The relaxation of the strain that he had been under so many hours quite overcame him, and his voice broke,

and he covered his face with his hands. He felt the hand of the stranger laid on his shoulder as tenderly as his mother's.

"You are a good, brave boy," said he in a low voice, and then in a tone of indignation addressed his companions: "Boys, do you hear what he says? The Yorkers have made a raid on the Falls, and driven Pangborn into the woods, and he sick of the fever. It's that Colonel Reid with his gang of bare-legged Highlanders as near as I can make out. How many are there, John?"

"Fifteen men I counted, and a lot o' women and young ones," the boy answered, his face still covered.

"They are too many for us," said the leader, "two to one, and fighting Highlanders at that."

"We can pick them off from the woods and git 'em to even numbers,"

said the man who had been cleaning the gun, critically examining his finished work as he spoke.

"No," said the leader with sharp decision, "we'll have no bloodshed, Baker, till we're driven to it, to save our lives."

"They hain't so partic'lar," said the other, holding up the stump of his thumb with a significant gesture.

"Their ways are not our ways. No, we'll raise so many of our friends that they will not dare to make a stand against us. In the morning you and Cochran and the others will go south and raise our people, as many as you can. I will go back with our young friend to his father. I think I can do something for him. The surveyor and his party are disposed of, and we've only this job to attend to. Now let's eat our supper and get to

sleep and be ready for our early start."

Nothing could have tasted sweeter to John than the curled slice of frizzled pork and the rye and Indian bread that were given him. When the rude repast was finished some of the men sat about the fire discussing the proposed plan of operations as they smoked their pipes, while others betook themselves to their blankets. Among them was the man with the maimed hand, who carefully wrapped his gun in the edge of his blanket. This care was noticed by one of his comrades, who said with a chuckle:

"That gun o' yours 'll be the death on you yet, 'Member. I most wonder you don't set up all night with it."

"A bush fighter's gun's his best friend, an' he can't be too ch'ice on't," answered the other, and added, addressing the leader: "Call me in two hours, Cap'n, an' I'll take a turn on guard."

"I'll take the first," the captain said, "and now turn in, all of you. Roll yourself in my blanket, John, and go to sleep. You must be tired enough."

The boy's sleepy eyes closed on the solitary figure sitting by the waning camp-fire with rifle in hand, and with the distant cry of the wolf in his ears he fell into a deep slumber.

The little camp was astir at an early hour, and after breakfast the horses were saddled, and with a few brief instructions from the captain the men filed into the path southward under the lead of Baker.

"Now, John," said the captain when all had departed, "we'll be off for New Haven Falls."

"But," said the boy, "I must get a doctor."

"Oh, I'm as good a doctor as you're likely to find this side of Bennington, and I'm going with you."

"I never heard tell o' Mr. Ethan Allen bein' a doctor," John blurted out in amazement, "and I've been guessing you're him."

An amused smile lighted the sedate features of his companion.

"No," said he, "Ethan Allen wouldn't feel flattered by your mistake, and I think he'd rather undertake to doctor a man's soul after his fashion than his body. No, I'm only a captain under him. My name's Warner—Seth Warner. Now let's be off."

They mounted and rode on, Captain Warner generally leading the way, except where the trail widened to let them ride side by side. His keen eyes seemed to note everything, but most particularly the wayside plants.

In search of some, he frequently dismounted and made excursions from the path, and, having gathered what he wished, he bound them carefully in a bundle at his saddle bow. Meanwhile he beguiled the journey with such pleasant chat that when, before nightfall, John led the way into the obscure bypath that led to the shanty, he could scarcely realize that this day's travel had been over the same route he had yesterday so wearily wended.

He found his father much worse for the excitement and anxiety, but gladly surprised to have him returned so soon and accompanied by his old friend Warner. After a brief greeting and some questioning and examination of the patient's condition, Captain Warner began brewing a decoction of his carefully selected herbs, and presently administered a copious dose.

"I never thought," said Pangborn,

making a wry face over the draught, "when we was huntin' on the Bennington hills, that you'd ever be a-doctorin' me in this wilderness, wi the herbs you was always s'archin' after and tastin'on. I guess you found all the bitter ones, and have gin me the benefit of 'em."

"I hope you will get the benefit of them, and that before long. Now get into your blankets and keep still. I won't let you talk even about old times. For the present leave that to Mrs. Pangborn and me."

The patient showed a decided improvement in the morning, and, leaving him quietly sleeping, Captain Warner, with John for a guide, went out to reconnoitre the camp of the invaders. When they had crept to the brow of the hill that overlooked the Falls from the left bank a busy scene was presented.

Several log-houses were rapidly going up. Some of the Highlanders were clearing land, and others were putting in crops on every available foot of Pangborn's clearing. Another party was engaged at the mill, apparently fitting up a part of it as a gristmill. Here and there, in active superintendence of all, moved the brisk little figure of Colonel Reid. The two crept cautiously away, and, returning to the shanty, reported all they had seen to its inmates.

"But never you mind, James," Warner said, noting his friend's troubled face. "They're working for you, if they did but know it, and it isn't every sick man that has such strong hands to work for him. You've nothing to do but keep quiet and get well, which you are in a fair way to do."

Warner spent the remainder of the

day in helping John repair the shanty, and succeeded in making it a comfortable abode for people used to the exigencies of pioneer life. Next morning, having given full directions for the treatment of his patient with a plentiful supply of proper herbs, Captain Warner departed southward.

IX

WARNING

Weeks passed in the monotony of their enforced seclusion without much anxiety to the Pangborns, for they knew how long and difficult was the rough trail to the older settlements. But when two months had gone by without bringing the promised succor and the stock of provisions was alarmingly short, James Pangborn feared some new invasion of the Yorkers held his friends in defence of their own homes. He was now quite well and had almost regained his full strength. He determined to go in quest of his friends and at the same time procure the much-needed provisions. John, though dreading to repeat the dreary

journey, urged that he might go instead.

"No, you stay an' tek care o' your mother an' the children," said his father. "Nobody's seen us here, an' I guess they won't. The Scotchmen never come this way. An' there'll be no trappers or Injins round 'fore fall. I'll be off to-morrer mornin', bright an' airly, an' in less 'an a week, I guess, I'll be back with some meal an' mebby with company."

When the first morning light was creeping through the forest he set forth, and as the hoof-beats grew fainter and faded out of hearing, deeper loneliness fell upon Susan Pangborn and her children than they had ever known before.

The day was still aglow in the summer woods, turning the leaves that it shone through to green gold and the unshed dewdrops to glittering gems, when she was startled by a slender shadow falling from the open door across the earthen floor of the shanty, and a voice as sweet as that of the hermit-thrush broke the woodland silence.

It was a comely girl with hair of ruddy gold and blushes like roses on her cheeks who stood diffidently before her.

"I'm wae that our folk hae been sae hard on ye," she said. "An' gin my Uncle Donald an' I had our way wi' them, it wadna be sae, but the Colonel is a dour mon, an' sae is my father. We ken your son, I'm thinkin'. Tom they ca' him."

"Our Tom? And where might he been? It's many months since we heard of him. Like enough there's word from him in the old home, but it's long getting here through the woods."

"We saw him last at the Fort. He

helpit us in a sair strait, an' we canna forget."

"How many times I've wished him here to help us. But I'm glad to hear news of him."

"I wadna he were here, but e'en that you were wi' him awa ayont Ti-conderoga."

She unwrapped a package of bannocks she had brought, apprehending there must be short commons in this poor home. The gift was thankfully received, and after a few words of cheer she departed, leaving new friends behind her.

The next morning, more to while away the tedious hours than from need of fuel, John took his axe and went out to cut firewood a short distance from the shanty. He had the backwoodsman's love of warfare with the trees, those giants that stood in the way of the pioneer, and now he

struck his axe lustily into the body of a tall dry pine. He was laughing softly to himself as he thought how safely the sound of his noisy labor was covered from his enemies by the continual roar of the cataract, when he was startled by a voice close behind him.

"Whist, lad, haud a bit," and, turning his head, he saw Donald McIntosh.

"Ye maun gang awa" oot o' this afore yon wild callants find ye're here." He spoke in a low, earnest voice.

"When did you know we were hereabouts?"

"I kent ye were bidin' here a fortnight syne, but I tauld naebody, nor
will I. But if they find ye, an' they
will, they'd be ouer hard wi' ye.
Ye're father's able for the journey
noo, for I saw him ridin' his beastie
the morn's mornin', an' but he's look-

in' fine to what he waur. He didna see me. Don't let another day but this find ye here, for ye're no safe. Tell your father Donald McIntosh tauld ye sae, but ye'll nae tell my folk." And without another word he hurried abruptly away and disappeared in the woods before John, in his astonishment, had found speech to thank him.

As John went slowly back to the shanty he pondered upon the difficulties of the situation. The secret of their hiding, which they had thought so well kept, might at any moment be discovered by unkinder eyes than Donald's. Yet how was such discovery to be avoided, or how, with his father and their only horse gone, was he to get the family away to a more secure retreat? The solitude was most intense in the deep, breathless stillness of the summer noon as he

stood at the shanty front revolving one and another vague plan, each alike impracticable.

Suddenly his abstracted attention was caught by the resounding hollow tramp of three score horses, the voices of their riders, and the clatter of their arms and equipments. A moment later James Pangborn rode up to the listening group at the shanty front.

"They've come," he said in a voice that, though low and steady, still expressed satisfaction and suppressed excitement. "Allen an' Warner with nigh on to sixty men, an' Baker's comin' with a lot more. Good-bye for a little spell."

Tossing down a bag of meal that he carried before him, he turned and rode hastily away. John ran into the shanty, and, presently reappearing with his antiquated pistol, sped down the path and out of sight.

AT GILLILAND'S

Tom Pangborn went back over his lonely route, seldom falling in with other wayfarers until he drew near the southern end of his journey. A fortnight later he returned to Ticonderoga, his footsteps and paddle strokes quickened by the hope of hearing tidings of the Scotch settlers. But so secretly had Colonel Reid covered his tracks that nothing could be learned about them from the few who knew, and only guesses from those who did not know. The same disappointment, increased by doubt and fears, met him at each return to the Fort.

One day as he stood on the shore, looking wistfully down the lake, he saw a canoe with a single occupant approaching. It was a trapper from the northward on his way to market with his fur, and from this haunter of forest streams Tom thought he must get some tidings.

"I was on Lewis Crik an' the Little Otter a week ago, an' there wa'n't no sech folks ner nobody settlin' there," the trapper said, deliberate in thought and speech. "The' 's one family to the Lower Falls o' the Great Otter, an' they was gittin' ready to put up a saw-mill when I was there in March, an' they're aour kind o' folks. The' hain't nobody settled on none o' the streams north o' there on that side, but an Injin told me there was consid'able of a pitch bein' made on the Boquet, on the west side. He didn't say, but I shouldn't wonder if them was your checkered petticoat folks. Oh, the rivers 'll all be sp'iled to rights, wi' their mill dams and their damn mills. I've seen beaver housen on the floodwood to Great Otter Falls, but the' won't be none there no more.' He sighed deeply, in part from the effort of unwonted speech, but more from grief over the prospective ruin of the hunting-grounds.

Tom was sure that he now had a clue that would lead him to his sweetheart, and determined to follow it as soon as possible. So when he made his next trip he brought a trusty young fellow with him to take his place, while he went down the lake on a voyage of discovery.

Early on a summer morning he launched a borrowed birch canoe, and set forth with a favoring southern breeze rippling but not roughening the lake, and before the morning gun of Crown Point Fort thundered its far-echoing salute to the rising sun

he passed the crumbling citadel of the old French fort, St. Frederic, on his left, and on his right, on the shore of the Grants, the older embankments and naked, houseless chimneys that marked the site of the first audacious Gallic occupation of the country. St. Frederic, the frontier stronghold of France, was a useless ruin, behind which loomed the massive bastions of Amherst's fortress of Crown Point with the banner of England proudly floating over all.

A little beyond the fields that French peasants had cleared and smoothed out of the rough wilderness, for English-speaking yeomen now to sow and reap, he came to where the shaggy edge of the forest hemmed the lake, and saw no sign of aught but supreme primeval solitude, save here and there upon the shore the black brands of an old camp-fire.

At noon he beached the canoe on the flat shore of a bay that was strewn with curious clay stones like button moulds, so perfect in form, even to the hole in the centre, that they seemed to have been fashioned by hand, and he knew that this was the "Button Mould Bay" marked on his powder-horn map.

A few miles farther on he recognized the Great Otter,* the first large stream that he came to. On the rockwalled peninsula at its mouth there were traces of a fortified post, a memento of the old wars, and ashes and brands of more recent camp-fires. The ground was much worn and trodden by frequent transient occupation during many past years when alternate

^{*} The Waubanakee called it sometimes Peconk-took (Crooked River) and sometimes Wona-ka-ke-took (Otter River). The First Falls was known as Ne-tah-ne-pun-took.

war parties of Iroquois and Waubanakee encamped here, and marauding hordes of French and Indians all halted at the beginning of the second stage of the "Indian Road" which led to the English frontier settlements. He never guessed that only two leagues of the winding river lay between him and the object of his search, and near by, hidden in the woods, was his father's family, of whose whereabouts he was in as great ignorance. So now he bent his course to the western shore, and skirted the rugged steeps of Split Rock Mountain.

At nightfall he made a lonely camp in a snug notch of the rocky coast, safe from all the winds, but not made cheerful by the fire he kept burning out of abundant driftwood, for far and near, on the mountain, a scattered pack of wolves set up a dolorous howl-

ing until, gathered in full force, they came swooping down the northward slope and out toward the cloven promontory, in hot pursuit of a deer. They passed so near his bivouac that he heard the crash of undergrowth, the thud of hoof-beats, the patter of swift paws, and the eager whimper of the wild hounds. Then, after long silence, he heard the baffled pack howling over the lost trail on the opposite shore, and then, after another silent interval, some returning, clambered ashore so near him that he heard them shake the water from their shaggy coats, and saw the glitter of some farthrown drops falling within the light of his fire. He mended it to a brighter flame and lay down, too tired with thirty miles of paddling to be longer kept awake.

The light of the rising sun awoke him, and after eating a dry breakfast ration he resumed the lonely voyage. Always there was the solitude of forest shores on either hand, with no living thing in sight but white gulls swimming far aloof, or a loon coming to the surface between long intervals of nether vanishing, or an eagle slowly sailing, majestically, far aloft.

So he voyaged past So-baps-kwa, "The Pass through the Rock," and Ko-zo-aps-kwa, "The Long Rocky Point," and the broad expanse of Corlear's Bay, and at last doubled the great headland, Point Su-boussin, and entered the bay where his horn chart told him the Boquet emptied.

The river being duly found, he paddled with lusty strokes up the clear channel, in which salmon, fresh run from the far-off sea, broke the fair surface, and amid a great commotion of wood-ducks that arose squeaking and fluttering before him and settled behind him.

At last newly cleared farmland opened on either hand, with loghouses and barns and stacks of grain and hay set among them. Then he heard the rush of swift water and the quick swish of a saw-mill, and presently he ran his canoe in at a landing where various other craft were moored, and beached it before a log-house so large that it indicated the home of the owner.

There were a few workmen about the place, whites and negroes, who quit whatever they were doing to regard the stranger. Presently a tall man in genteel dress, somewhat the worse for wear, stepped out from the house a couple of paces, and looked as sharply at the idle workers as at the object of their curiosity.

Tom searched in vain for a familiar

face or a Highland kilt; then advancing, asked the first he came to:

"Is this Colonel Reid's betterment?"

The negro stared in blank surprise at such ignorance before he could answer:

"No, no. This hain't no Colonel's ner no Reid's. This here's Mist' Gillilan's, an' that 'ere is him up yender by the house."

"Well, my man," the gentleman said, eyeing Tom as he approached, "where do ye come from, an' what do ye want?"

His brusqueness was not to Tom's liking, and he answered as shortly:

"I'm from Fort Ti last, an' I was lookin' for Colonel Reid's company. I heared he'd made a pitch on this river."

"No, indeed, the worse luck for him. He is on the Otter Creek, I hear, and I doubt he'll have trouble with Wentworth's people. What's the news at the forts?"

Turning to his men, that stood agape listening for the news, he said sharply: "Get to your work. I'll call you when I need you to entertain my company. Come in, stranger, and rest while you tell me the news. It's a long voyage you've had, and lucky you weren't caught in a storm with that cockleshell of a bark."

He led the way to a plainly finished room with an incongruous mixture of home-made and elegantly fashioned furniture. Giving Tom a seat in a mahogany chair at a rough deal table, he set before his guest a bottle and glass with the laconic invitation:

"Wet your whistle."

His stern, care-worn features softened with a genial warmth of hospitality, and Tom found himself liking him far better than at first. He thought he had little to tell, but news came so seldom to this out-of-the-way settlement the least item was interesting, and the recital grew long with trivial details. When he had done Gilliland thanked him generously, and added:

"You'll stay with us the night, and if you go back to-morrow some of my men are going to the Cloven Rock Farm, and will give you a lift with the canoe on the ox-cart that far. It'll save you twenty miles' paddling."

And Tom, vexed to have come so far for nothing, gladly accepted the proffered hospitality.

At supper he was introduced to Mrs. Gilliland and her daughters, who were glad enough to see a stranger from the border of the outer world, and were even more interested than the master in all that he could tell

them of it, for news long since grown old in Albany was news indeed to these remote dwellers in the wilderness.

A bright-looking negress was in attendance, whom Tom was to meet again under far different circumstances, and who was to become an humble yet notable figure in history.

"Ye'll be in luck to see the salmonfishin' the night," said Gilliland to his guest, rising and going to the window, from which could be seen the picturesque river. "There's a fine run the day, and it's time we were off."

The fleet of boats ranged at the foot of the falls, their flaring jacks glimmering and flashing in innumerable repetition across the broken, foamflecked water; the alert forms and eager faces of the spearmen, the agile polemen, the captured fish shining like animate bolts of silver and casting

abroad showers of silver sparkles as they were cast into the boats from the reeking spears, the shouts, the laughter, and the eager emulation—all joined to make a wildly impressive scene, whose like can never again be beheld on the waters of Champlain.

There was a group of eager spectators on the bank. The ladies of the household and their maid escorts, and a few men-servants too old to engage in the sport were now thrown in bright relief against the background of night by the torch of a passing boat, now sank into the surrounding gloom, now flashed forth again.

William Gilliland's tall form was constantly moving among the throng, directing and ordering all, and often he took a hand in the sport. Second only to him was an athletic negro called Governor George, who was as skilful and even more active than his

master, and who seemed to excite the latter's enmity and envy. Once Gilliland, in a sudden burst of anger, struck him, and the negro withdrew from the company and held sullenly aloof.

After the sport became a labor and the boats were laden with full fares the company retired.

XI

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

The Highlanders had eaten their dinner of porridge and bannocks, and were lounging about their house-doors and the mill, smoking their cutties and gossiping before resuming their labors.

"Ye been gien the Colonel's new mill a bit turn the day, John Cameron?" said one, examining the newly erected mill as a child would a strange toy.

"Aye," said the tall miller, "an' she rins gay fine. All she'll be wantin's the grist."

"Aweel, mon," said Angus Mc-Bean, "she'll not be wantin' them lang. We'll hae a braw harvest the year," and he looked abroad com-

placently upon the narrow fields of wheat, oats, and corn that were luxuriantly growing on virgin soil.

"An' nae doot the Yankee bodies'll be bringin' their grists to the Colonel's mill," said the first speaker. "They'll no haud a grudge anent their ain conveniency."

Old Donald McIntosh was standing, looking toward the border of the woods.

"By the Pikers o' War!" he cried suddenly, "I'se warrant they be coomin' noo wi' a grist we'll find ower hard grindin', Johnny Cameron. Name the deil, an' he'll aye be at your lug. Look, lads!"

All eyes followed his outstretched hand, and saw a troop of armed horsemen filing out of the forest path and spreading along the clearing in an irregular line.

"Gude guide us, but it's the true

word ye say, Donald McIntosh," said Cameron. "Awa', lads, an' get your guns an' claymores! Shaw them but a bauld front, an' they'll shaw us their backs, I'se warrant ye. They've nae stomach for cauld steel! Rin, lads!"

"Haud, men," said Donald McIntosh in a peremptory tone of command, "are ye clean daft? They're a hunder to our twenty, an' wad pitch us a' ower the linn as a boy wad sae mony peebles. It'll be yon rantin', roarin' Ethan Allen an' his Bennington mob. We'll e'en hae to tak what they'll gie us an' mak the best o't, be it sweet or saur. Here they come!"

A little band of horse approached the mill, led by a man of herculean frame and strong, bold, and handsome features.

"Sons of Belial," he roared in a leonine voice as he reined his horse before the group of Highlanders, "where's your lord and master, Colonel John Reid?"

"He went awa' yestreen to Crown Point. Ye'll no find him," Donald answered civilly, though his face flushed angrily. "An' I'll tak lave to tell ye we're no the sons o' Belial, whaever he may be, but honest Hieland gentlemen."

"Honest gentlemen!" cried Allen contemptuously. "But I've heard that Highland gentlemen have a fashion of taking other people's belongings without leave or license, as you've done here. It's a fashion we Yankees don't take kindly to. And now, my honest Highland gentlemen, get your household stuff out of your houses and be off with you. You'll not be harmed if you depart in peace. You are but tools of your master. But woe be unto him if we lay hands on

him. Verily he shall be scourged with the twigs of the wilderness. Search him out, boys," he continued, addressing his followers. "It's not likely he's gone, but 's hiding somewhere."

"I tell ye the Colonel's gane, an' by God's mercy he'll be at Crown Point by this, safe fra your murtherin' hands," said Donald.

Upon the other side of the river another band of Green Mountain Boys, numbering almost as many as the first, now came pouring out of the woods and down upon the mill, led by Baker.

"Hurrah for the good cause!" he shouted, waving his hat.

"Verily it prospereth," returned Allen. "Captain Baker, I appoint you to take care of the mill. See that the saw-gear is not injured. That's Pangborn's. But you needn't be so

careful of Reid's part. Leave none of his belongings to call him back. I will go and spoil the camp of the Philistines, yea and pull down the tabernacles they have builded in the wilderness. Dismount, men, and turn your horses into the grain-fields! Let them spoil the corn even as did the foxes of Samson."

A wild scene of havoc presently ensued. The dismounted men swarmed about the half-dozen houses, which they summarily emptied of their contents, and then unroofed all but that of Pangborn's and one not yet reached that stood apart on a hill below the falls. Dazed women and frightened children ran wildly about weeping, while the men stood aloof, helpless and sullen spectators of the dismantling of their homes and the destruction of their crops, for the hungry horses were ranging through the fields,

trampling down faster than they devoured the luxuriant growth.

John's heart was sick at the sorry sight. The retribution that should in justice fall on Colonel Reid, rather than on these innocent tenants of his, seemed to outweigh too heavily the injury inflicted on his father. Then, too, must that kindly old man suffer, when he had interceded for his father and warned himself of danger? These hurrying men all looked so stern and pitiless, he felt little hope they would spare the old man's house. But his own good friend, Captain Warner, was more merciful, and would surely use his influence to requite McIntosh's unavailing sympathy and friendly warning, and in quest of him the boy went from group to group.

At the mill Baker and his men were hewing down the hopper and breaking the stones with axes, sledges, and crowbars, and throwing the pieces over the falls beyond all hope of recovery, and there they rest to-day beneath the rush and roar of the cataract during six score years. Presently Baker came forth with the bolt-cloth trailing after him. This he began to cut in strips with his sword.

"Here, boys," he cried, "stick this in your hats for cockades," and he distributed the fluttering bits of cloth among the eager hands that were stretched forth.

"Hech!" groaned John Cameron, gnashing his teeth in his helpless wrath. "To see gude bolt-cloth that cost eight puns a yard cut an' haggled by a pack o' beggar loons! Oh, but ye're braw men, sax o' ye to the ane o' us! Gin we were fifty, aye or forty, we'd sen' ye fleein' wi' our claymores!"

"Aye, aye," said Remember Baker

laughing, "I know you're all for the broadsword and the dirk, but we're bush fighters, and you'd make a poor show against our Yankee rifles."

"Faith, then, I'd undertak it if we had twenty leal men to stan' by me. What law hae ye for sic deil's wark? An' where's ye're commission that they ca' ye Captain?"

"We live out of the law," said Baker. "Don't you know there's a bounty set on our heads like wolves? This is our law"—tapping his gun—"and this"—holding up his maimed hand—"is my commission, given by 'Squire Monro. But you're a brave fellow, though on the wrong side. Join us, and you may stay here."

"I'd liefer tak sarvice wi' auld Hornie hissen," cried Cameron.

"Suit yourself," said Baker carelessly as he turned from the irate Highlander. Then addressing his men:

"There's a house over there on the hill below the falls, Donald McIntosh's, some one says. We'll go over an' 'tend to that now. We mustn't slight any one."

Hearing this, John sped away in eager search of Captain Warner, whom he found just as Baker and several others were embarking to cross the river.

"Oh, Captain Warner," he cried breathlessly, "don't let 'em trouble Donald McIntosh. He was good to us, an' wanted 'em to let us stay till father got well, an' told me this very mornin'. They're goin' over to turn him out. Don't let 'em. Do stop 'em, Captain."

They ran down to the shore, and Warner called loudly to the boat, but it was almost at the farther bank, and

his voice was drowned in the roar of the falls. Close at hand a bark canoe lay on the bank. Quick as thought Warner launched her; stepping in himself and motioning John to a place in her, he sent her out into the stream with a stroke of the paddle. Both plied their paddles lustily, but when they landed on the other shore Baker and his men were half-way up the hill on which stood Donald's snug blockhouse. Warner hallooed in vain and ran on, closely followed by his young companion. When they came up with the others Baker and his men were hammering noisily at the heavy oaken door, and loudly demanding it should be opened to them.

"I winna let ye in," Donald cried, his voice muffled in the thick walls of the house. "By the Pikers o' War, ye'll mak ye're ain way. I'll nae open my ain door to be turned oot o' 't."

"Get a log and batter it down," said Baker, pointing to a heavy timber that lay conveniently near. "Pick up that log."

"Hold on, Captain Baker," said Warner, "let me speak with you," and taking Baker aside, he earnestly pleaded the cause of the kind-hearted Highlander, while the men stood waiting beside the log. John anxiously watched the outcome of the interview, and his heart gave a bound of joy as he saw Baker's stern face relax and then melt in a kindly glow as he turned quickly to his comrades and said:

"Well, boys, we won't trouble the old chap. He's shown his good-will to Pangborn. It wa'n't much, but the best he could do, and we're not the men to forget favors." Then he shouted at the closed door: "You can stay here, old man, but mind you behave as becometh," and giving the

word to his men, they filed away toward the landing.

"Mr. McIntosh," called Warner, you needn't be afraid to open your door."

A shutter was unbarred and slightly opened. When it was seen that these two only remained, Donald cautiously thrust forth his head.

"You won't be harmed, and you may thank this boy for it."

"I'll no thank onybody for what's my ain. But I'll no say I'm not obleeged to the lad for speakin' a gude word. I'll no forget it."

Warner and John now hastily took their way back to the river, where the dispossessed Highlanders were gathered, hurriedly lading their batteaux with their effects.

"It's cruel work," said Warner, sighing as he viewed the sad scene, but I know of no other way."

Presently the tenants departed, a woeful, disheartened band, all sullen and silent save valiant John Cameron, who, standing in the stern of the last boat, hurled back bitter imprecations on the Green Mountain Boys, and no lighter ones on "fause Donald McIntosh, the traitor loon who wad tak aught fra the like o' them." So they drifted away into the wilderness, homeless wanderers in the new world that had so lately been their land of promise.

When but a few months before they were ascending the brimming river, the freshly budding forest, all alight with spring sunshine, seemed beckoning them, and a multitude of birds sang a joyous welcome to happy and prosperous homes in the green wood.

Now in the dark shadows of full leafage the shores looked strange and forbidding, and gave forth no cheerfuller sound than the solemn chorus of frogs, the uncanny cries of water-fowl, and the moaning of the wind.

This foreboding of rough weather on the lake they found verified when they reached it. It was in a wild rage of white-topped waves that charged against shore and headland in sullen, persistent fury.

The wanderers landed on the low wooded promontory, made booths of cedar boughs, and lighted fires, around which they gathered, a silent and disconsolate company, awaiting a kindlier mood of the elements.

XII

A STORMY PASSAGE

The next morning Tom parted from his eccentric host, who furnished him with a fresh supply of provisions for the journey, and saw him off with the party of haymakers. Among those detailed for this work at the out-farm was Governor George. He was still gloomy and brooding over last night's blow.

"You 'pear to lay the ol' man's cuffin' to heart, Gov'nor," said one of his companions.

"He never struck me afore, an' he never will agin."

"You'd better not threaten the ol'man. He's pretty rough when his dander's up.".

"I hain't threat'nin' nob'dy, but he won't never hit me agin," said Governor George significantly. "Where be you goin' to stop for your noonin', marster?" he presently asked Tom as the latter shoved his canoe into the water when they had reached their journey's end by the ox-teams.

"Oh, at Grog Harbor, I guess," was replied as he embarked on the

lake.

Corlear's Bay lay before him, and, bidding the haymakers good luck, he headed his canoe for the desired promontory of So-baps-kwa. The south wind had fallen to a perfect calm, and but for the lengthening wake of the canoe, as far as the eye could range the sleeping lake was as unruffled as the sky above it.

But behind the blue peaks of the farther mountains loftier heights of pearl and silver were slowly uplifting, portending a change in the mood of the elements. Before he reached the headland, catspaws of wind snatched at the water, scoring its smooth surface with quickly vanishing black scars.

A dark cloud came up out of the west from beneath one of the domes of pearl and lapped the mountain in its folds, shrouding it in a barred veil of slanted rain that drew nearer over the forest and fell on the edge of the lake, then came sweeping across it with a roar of downfall, blown far aslant by a sudden tempestuous blast.

In a moment the canoe was in the limit of rain-pelted, wind-blown water. The white waves were leaping high up the great rocks when Tom rounded the point, right glad to gain its shelter. After passing the cleft, through which wind and waves poured like an air-blast and flooded flume combined,

he had no trouble to make his way along in the lee of the rocky shore to the little harbor that had sheltered him at the close of the first day.

As he waited, in the discomfort of wet clothes and an unseasonable, chilling wind, hovering over a reluctant fire, he heard hasty footsteps clattering among the loose stones, and a sound as of some one breaking through the brushwood. The sounds ceased, and he heard a sharp, vibrant chirr, like the cry of a cicada, then a few heavily delivered blows, and the steps were resumed, until Governor George broke forth from an alder coppice, bearing a huge rattlesnake hanging in slow, limp contortions from the end of a staff.

"I spile him, suah," said he, casting the serpent contemptuously aside.

"Why, George, you here?"

"Yes, marster. Ain't you heard

me said Mars' Bill won't never hit me agin? I means that. Him an' me was jes' like brothers, we was. An' for him to strike me I can't stan' that."

"But where are you going?"

"''Crost the lake wi' you, sir, then I do' know where. Sometime I'm comin' back for my Dinah when I gets a home for her."

"But I can't take you, Gov'nor. Mr. Gilliland treated me too well for me to pay him that way."

"I ain't askin' of you, marster. I'se just gwine," and, sitting down, he began fashioning a paddle from a slab of dry cedar.

There was no denying such a passenger, and when the waning afternoon brought no improvement in the weather, and Tom decided to venture, hoping to make a safe passage to the Otter Creek, the stalwart negro took

his place in the canoe and gave valuable aid with his well-plied paddle.

The gale still blew from the west, so that in the lee of the mountain the water was comparatively smooth, but beyond that was a wild tumult of white-capped waves, into which it seemed hopeless for the frail birch to enter. They kept her in the smoother water until they reached an indentation of the mountain side, where they hauled the craft upon a narrow shelf of rock, and there they determined to stay until the fury of the storm abated.

The eastern shore line was indistinct in a palpitating blur of spray, with a break where the river emptied, and beside it a loftier leap of breaking waves and an upburst of spray marked the position of the jutting peninsula.

As Tom's eyes dwelt on this fore-

most object he became aware of several figures moving to and fro, now apart, now in groups, now mere phantoms, now more clearly defined substance, as the clouds of spray arose and fell and drifted into the woods. He could make out no more than that they were people, most likely stormbound like himself.

It was almost dark in the shadow of the mountain and dusk beyond it before the wind fell enough, so that Tom dared crossing the lake, for he was anxious to be gone, as his quarters were cramped and fireless, which last discomfort was not pleasant to think of when the long howl of a wolf drifted down, muffled in a roar of the wind, from a black gorge of the mountain. The flaming blaze of a camp-fire began to wink in the dusk on the opposite shore, promising a sure beacon when daylight faded.

"It's nasty water, sir," said the Governor, "an' I don' know if we'll git acrost, but we kin try. It's that or nothing for me."

"Well, here goes," cried Tom, and with gun and blanket lashed to cross-bars, they struck out into the turbulent waters.

It was rougher than he liked, but the little craft went bravely half-way across. Then of a sudden the wind, veering a point to the northward, smote the lake as if from brooding its anger through the lull. Chopping seas assailed the canoe's quarter while she was held on her course, and when she fell away before them chased her with angry leaps, and so often boarded her that the knees of her occupants were presently in a wash of water.

They knew that she must soon be swamped. Even now, with all the strength they could put into their strokes, she wallowed along, slower than the hissing waves, each as it overtook her adding to her burden. With the next wave that caught her she broached to, and it seethed over her stern, and as she settled beneath them both men tumbled themselves overboard, and, seizing the after crossbar with one hand, they kept her from capsizing.

The canoe's cedar lining kept her from sinking deeper than her gunwales, but she plunged and rolled as if with a wish to rid herself of their weight, and each, with all the strength of his body mustered in his one hand, barely maintained his hold. As Tom was tossed up on the crest of a wave he saw but a little way off the blaze of the camp-fire, the torn flame, the sparks and the smoke blown low along the ground on one side, and on the other a group of kilted forms with

fluttering plaids flaunting out from them.

He called lustily for help, then sank in a trough, and figures and fire were blotted out, then took shape and glow again as he was lifted on another wave, and when the men vanished again they were rushing to the shore.

The water-logged canoe struck with a lifeless, sodden thud, and he was pounded on the bottom beside her and the breath knocked out of him by a breaking wave. That was all that he knew, and the roar of wind and water was the last he heard.

XIII

A MIDNIGHT FLITTING

At length, as in a dream, Tom heard men speaking in a strange tongue, and through the clamor the wail of a girl's sweet voice:

"Oh God, he's drooned! My luve, my ain true luve!"

He woke to see Lisbeth Cameron kneeling beside him, and her kinsfolk and clansfolk standing about, silent now and looking ill-pleased at this revelation of her love for one they all must count as of their enemies, since they all knew that Pangborn, the mail-carrier, was the son of the man whom they had so summarily dispossessed, and for whose sake they themselves

had in turn suffered the same hardship.

The last he had seen of George his black head was bobbing out and under the surges on the other side the canoe; now he was sitting opposite him, shivering over the fire in his steaming wet clothes.

The rescued men were warmed and dried and fed with Highland hospitality, and in an hour Tom was in a condition to plead his case with Lisbeth's father and mother. It was all to no purpose with John Cameron, whose heart was hard and bitter against the race of the destroyers of his beloved mill. His wife, though less implacable, was yet apparently loyal to her husband's opposition.

After most of the refugees, worn out with the excitements and labors of the day, had betaken themselves to their rude, improvised beds, Elspeth, ignoring Tom's presence, found opportunity for speech with her daughter.

"My heart is sair for ye, my lass, but I winna gie my consent na maur nor your father. For a' that, I'm tauld yon canoe boat is none the waur for its wreckin', an' the river lies afore ye, an' ye ken where your Uncle Donald's house is, an' it's like there'll be a magistrate or happen a meenister amang a' yon reivin' loons. Your father's a braw sleeper, an' I'll doubt he'll be at it noo.' With that she kissed Lisbeth, and went into the booth where her husband lay snoring.

Tom made a show of departing, and disappeared among the thick shadows. When the camp was in the heaviness of its first sleep and the smouldering fires burned low, he came again, stealing to the landing with noiseless dip of paddle, so like a ghost materializing

out of the gloom that Lisbeth, waiting on the bank, was almost frightened at his appearance. He wrapped her in her plaid and his own blanket, and they silently embarked.

A little way on her course the canoe swerved to the bank, and George * stepped quietly on board and presently added his strength to her progress.

They took the mid-channel, where the reflected sky made a star-spangled path; they sent the canoe steadily forward past sedgy shores, past the ghostly ranks of tall buttonwoods, past the marshy debouchment of Dead Creek, the Lake Lily of old surveyors, and so on until the ceaseless voice of the cataract began to murmur in their

^{*} Governor George built a cabin not far from the McIntosh house. Its site is still commemorated by the uneuphonious name of Nigger Hill.

ears, and grew to a thunderous roar as the canoe touched the bank at the end of Donald's footpath.

The custom of being stolen by lovers was common among her race, and Lisbeth took kindly to it, only it was too tame, with no risk of pursuit or being fought for.

"Hoot, lass, what brought ye here?" her Uncle Donald demanded as he opened his door at their summons in the gray of the morning.

"My ain true luve, Uncle Donald, an' I'll e'en marry him the morn's mornin' if God wills an' there's a parson to the fore," she answered bravely.

"An' wha's that ahint ye? Did auld Hornie fetch ye here?" Donald asked, discovering the negro in attendance.

"Aweel, Tom Pangborn," said Donald at length, "you'll just gang awa' an' bide wi' your ain folk ayont the linn, an' come back in the mornin' wi' a parson or magistrate. It's like ye'll find the tane or the tither amang a' yon reivers.''

Of all the surprises of those eventful hours none was more joyful than the unexpected restoration of Tom to his father's family, already established in their regained home.

Ethan Allen and his men had already begun preparations for the block-house they afterward built at the New Haven Falls for the better protection of the miller and other New England settlers who were about to establish themselves here.

There were both minister and magistrate among the Green Mountain Boys, and they with many others attended the wedding in Donald's block-house. If for lack of preparation there was little feasting, there

was boisterous merry-making, and healths drunk in Highland whiskey and New England rum to the happy union of the Thistle and the Evergreen Sprig.

XIV

A PIONEER ABOLITIONIST

The green-coated regiment of Colonel Herrick's Rangers marched away in three ranks to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," shrieked and rattled at their loudest by fife and drum, echoed from hillside and woodland, and reëchoed in the heart of many a wife, mother, and sweetheart who with pride and sorrow saw their loved ones departing.

The present mission of the rangers was to capture the forts that a short time since were so shamefully abandoned by St. Clair when Burgoyne's cohorts swept through the valley.

The first to engage their attention was the Skenes' stronghold at the

head of Lake Champlain. The master of the fortified manor house with his regiment of tories was following the waning fortunes of Burgoyne. His son, the major, held the place with a force too small to oppose the present assailants, and therefore surrendered with his retinue of male and female servants. Among the latter was one willing prisoner, a young woman whose pale, despairing face bore traces of once remarkable beauty.

While ransacking the cellar in search of booty some rangers found the ghastly remains of Colonel Skene's unburied wife. She had been kept there for twelve years that an annuity might still be drawn, which was to continue while "her body remained above ground."

A few water-craft were seized and the force went northward to Fort Independence, which they found deserted, with its forty cannon spiked and abandoned, the barracks burned, and everything in ruin, except the house of a French sutler, wherein they discovered, to their consolation, a good store of wine and brandy, a sinew of war greatly valued in those days. Three vessels were found, one afloat, the others sunk with all their stores on board.

A company was despatched to Lake George, where the fort of the same name, still manned by the old garrison, was captured without demonstration of defence, save the furious barking of the faithful dog, and the watercraft there were seized.

When the company was gathered at Mount Independence and Callendar brought in the oddly assorted garrison of Fort George, the old soldier and his wife held aloof from the others, while the faithful old spaniel ranged

at will, seeking new acquaintances or old friends, and was at last intent on one particular trail, in the maze of tracks on the parade ground. So eager was his quest that he became the central object of interest to prisoners and guard, until after many circlings and windings he came to the sad-faced girl sitting alone, and with a wild cry of joy sprang upon her and covered her with caresses.

"Look, Jerry, look!" the old soldier's wife cried, plucking him by the sleeve. "Dash has found our Polly. Come, come quick!"

He set his face hardly, but in spite of all he could do there was a quiver to his chin.

"Oh, Jerry," she said in a voice broken by emotion, "you must forgive her. She's all we've got left on earth," and he suffered himself to be led to their daughter.

The capture of Mount Defiance was entered upon by Captain Ebenezer Allen with his company of fifty men. The divided company approached from different directions, groping their way through the dark forest, keeping informed of each other's whereabouts by frequent very real imitations of the hooting of the great horned owl. The sentinels pacing their exalted solitary beats on the starlit heights must have thought that all the owls of the region were gathering in a convention of wisdom, and have wondered sometimes at the sudden interruptions of the solemn cadence when some luckless imitator stumbled on a log or plunged into an unseen depression, and a carefully modulated hoot ended in a smothered imprecation.

Tom Pangborn, sergeant of the company, followed close to the heels of Captain Allen, who led the way up the steep front of the mountain. This was a series of irregular shelves and escarpments, like enormous stairs, up which they climbed one after another, till the leader reached one near the top too high to scale unaided.

"Give me your back, Tom," he whispered, and Tom stooping, the captain mounted, and his men swarmed after by like means, till the shelf was full of them, eight in all. Then up they went again over the last step, and came out full on the crest of the mount, looking into the black muzzle of a field-piece, with a gunner at the breech blowing his sputtering port fire.

"Shoot the damned gunner," the captain shouted.

At this the cannonier turned and fled down the mountain, the port fire showering sparks like a comet behind him, until he and his comrades were met and captured by the party approaching in that direction.

Daylight soon flooded the broad valley from range to range of its mountain walls as the captors gathered around the tall flag-staff, where the banner of England was never again to salute the rising sun, fifty men with forty-nine prisoners.

"Never in my life did I fire a cannon," cried the exultant captain, "and now's my time if ever while I proclaim myself master of Defiance."

With that he trained the gun on a hulk in the broad channel of the lake and touched off the piece. As the party peered out of the smoke-cloud and the thunderous echoes boomed from crag to crag they saw the far-off craft totter and reel under the stroke of the shot, and they set up a lusty cheer for the cunning marksman.

Having delivered his prisoners, the

audacious captain pressed hard on the heels of the retreating enemy, capturing some on the water, some on land. At last he came upon a party of them at Gilliland's on the Boquet, taking their ease in snug quarters, and in such apparent good fellowship with their host that Captain Allen took it the latter was in full sympathy with them, and therefore did not scruple to confiscate whatever he needed of Gilliland's effects.

"Now it's the king's troops and now it's your people that come upon me like a swarm of locusts and devour my substance," cried Gilliland in despair, "though I take sides with neither, and the devil might have both if I might only be left alone. I came here to be rid of the world's troubles, but they follow me into the depth of these green woods. A while ago your Arnold came with his ships, and it was

five hundred good salmon he took for his pirates to eat, and I may whistle for my pay. Belike it's aboard his 'Royal Savage' under water at Valcour. Then it was Carleton, and then it was Burgoyne with his hungry Indians, and now it's the both of ye. It's no fair play to an honest neutral gentleman, I tell ye, Captain Allen."

"Who is not for us is against us, Mr. Gilliland, and we must eat," said Allen.

"Devil a bit I care whether you eat or starve," Gilliland continued. "Why, they even take my black slaves, what haven't run away, and they'll not be eating them, I doubt. It's not long agone one o' your Yankees came here and eat my bread and drank my rum, and when I set him well on his homeward way he carried off my best negro man. There's

gratitude for ye!"

"If your negroes choose to go with us they may, for I deny any man's right to property in human beings."

"Zounds! man, do ye set up your opeenion against the Bible and the law?" cried Gilliland in great heat. "But they're all gone now but my one woman, Dinah, and her baby. You'll not take my last servant, Captain?"

"If she's your property we may take her; if she's not, she's free to go where she pleases," said the captain, and left the vexed proprietor to consider this logical conclusion.

As Tom went the rounds of his squad to relieve the guard the slave woman, a bright, intelligent mulatto, cast frequent searching glances at him as she labored at her various tasks, and at last found an opportunity to speak to him.

"I beg pardon, marster, but wasn't you here jes' 'fore my man George run away? Marster William allers reckoned how you had so'thin' to do wi' George's goin'.''

"Yes, George crossed the lake with me," Tom answered rather apologetically. "I didn't coax him; he would go because he was angry at your master for striking him."

"Oh, does you know where he is, marster? For the Lord's sake tell me if you does."

"Oh, yes," he answered; "he's livin' at Otter Creek Falls, an' he's got him a house and a bit o' land."

Dinah caught her breath with a quick gasp. "Then I'm a-goin wi' you folks," she declared in a low voice. "Oh, you'll let me, won't you?"

"That's jest as the cap'n says," and the woman hurried away with a new-born hope.

So it chanced, the liberty-loving cap-

tain's views tallying with her desires, when the rangers departed with their prisoners and spoils Dinah Mattis and her child went with them, neither as one nor the other, but as free as any of the company.

When it came to division of the spoils and the question of the disposal of these two arose, the captain made open declaration of his anti-slavery principles, and there was not a dissenting voice in his command.

His deed of emancipation, the earliest of the kind on record, runs as follows:*

"HEADQUARTERS, POLLET, 28th November, 1777.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN KNOW YE,

"Whereas Dinah Mattis, a negro woman with Nancy her child of two months old was

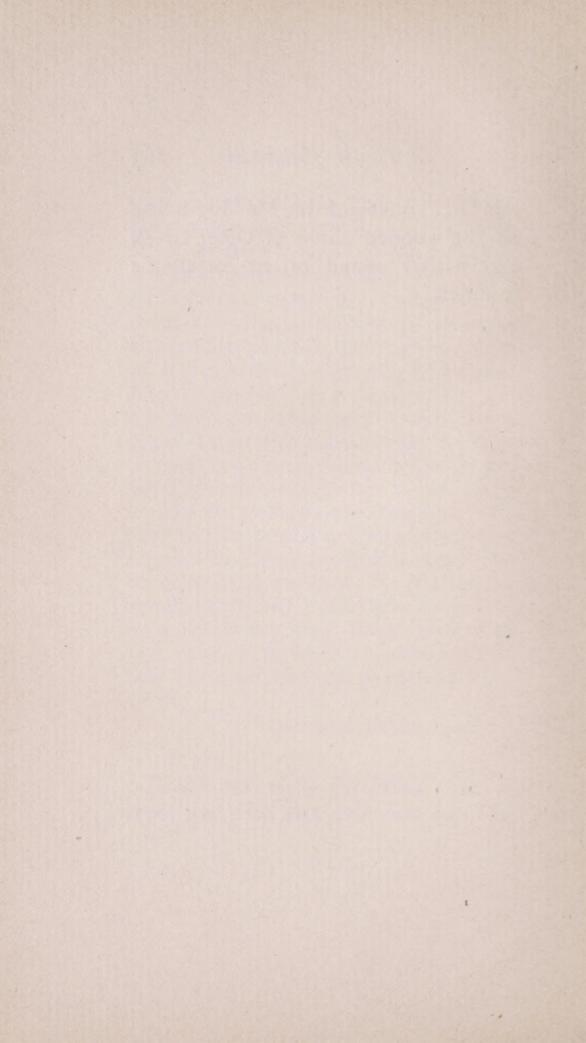
^{* &}quot;Governor and Council," vol. 1, p. 93. Also Vermont Historical Society Collections, vol. 1, p. 249.

taken prisoner on Lake Champlain with the British troops somewhere near Col. Gilliner's patten the twelfth day of instant November by a scout under my command, and according to a resolve passed by the honorable the Continental Congress that all prizes belong to the captivators thereof-therefore she and her child became the just property of the captivators thereof-I being conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep slaves-I therefore obtaining leave of the detachment under my command to give her and her child their freedom-I do therefore give the said Dinah Mattis and Nancy her child their freedom to pass and repass anywhere through the United States of America with her behaving as becometh, and to trade and to traffic for herself and child as though she were born free, without being molested by any person or persons. In witness whereunto I have set my hand or subscribed my name.

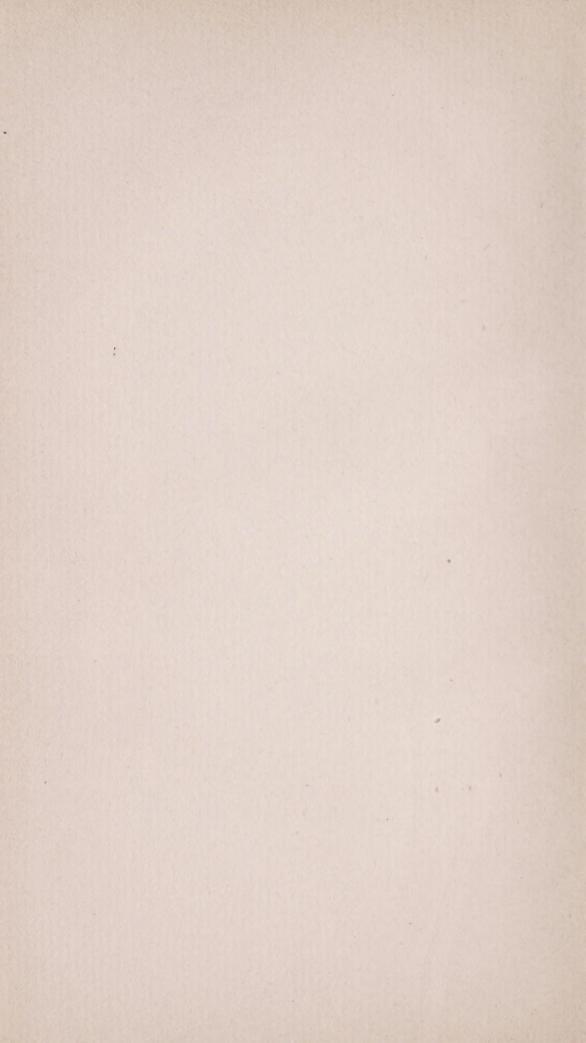
"EBENEZER ALLEN, Capt."

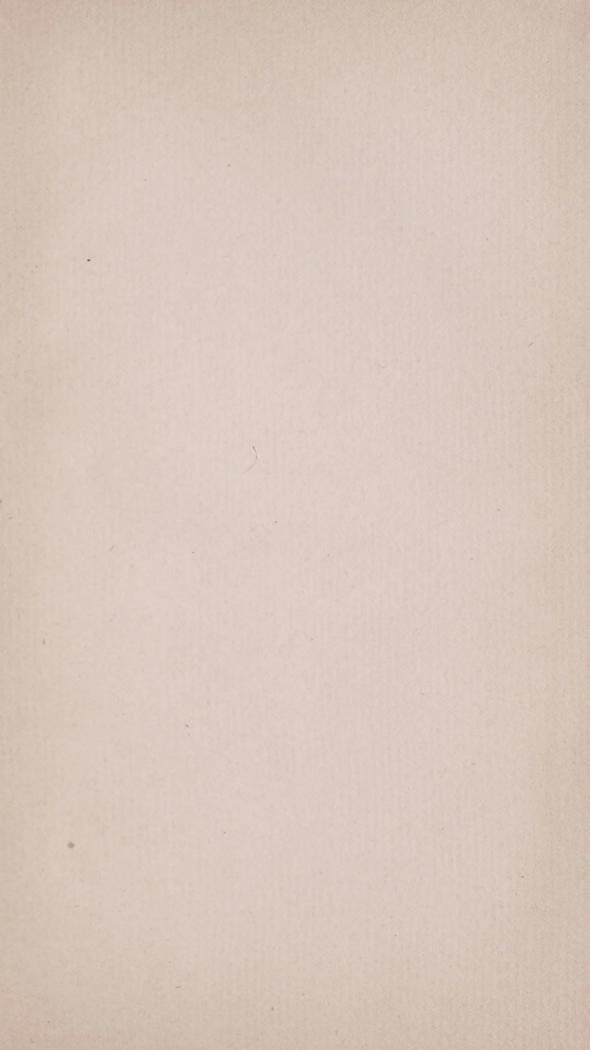
Dinah was duly furnished with a copy, and with her child set forth to

join her husband in his log-house on the wooded shore of Otter Creek and within sound of its cataract's thunder.











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